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Pro-Slavery.

BROWNLOW'S LECTURE.

From The Huntsville (Ala.) American Independent, Dec. 19.

Rev. W. G. BROWNLOW addressed a very large audience in Huntsville on Saturday night last, on the subject of slavery. According to previous determination, he has set out on a tour, which will be continued through the present winter and coming spring and summer—remaining in the South during the winter, and proceeding to the North so soon as the dogwood blossoms are visible in the spring. The large audience present were highly pleased with the address, and were convinced of his entire ability to handle the subject, and of his being the very man to meet the hypocritical fanatics face to face, and to

"Prove his doctrines orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks."

He stated that it was his intention to visit all sections of the South—to see the negroes on the cotton plantations, the sugar plantations, and the rice plantations—immediately before going North, that he might be fully posted, and able to meet the Abolitionists, and tell them to their faces that they were liars. He would visit the negroes in their cabins in all these sections, and then go among the slavery haters fresh from the scenes of "woe and misery" so feelingly pictured by "old aunt Harriet Beecher Stowe" and her brood of satellites. He would tell them to their faces that they were hypocrites and liars. He would challenge their big men—their freedom-shriekers—to meet him on the stump and to discuss the question fully and fairly. He desired to meet Greeley, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, Garrison, or any other of the big guns of anti-slavery, whom he would denounce as infidels, as slanderers, as hypocrites, as liars, and as God-forsaken wretches generally, and would prove to all honest, right-thinking men that they were such.

Greeley had proposed that when Dr. B. arrived in New York, he should be met and his argument refuted by Fred. Douglass, a negro orator. Said he was prepared to meet Fred's case; that he intended to take with him a negro from Knoxville, a slave, known as Alf Anderson, who should meet and discuss the subject with Fred. Said Alf was a large, fine-looking negro—reads and writes well—had some experience as a public speaker—being in the habit of addressing his coloured brethren on the subject of temperance—a strong, forcible speaker—rather eloquent than otherwise—a native of East Tennessee. He would meet all their coloured orators—advocate and illustrate Southern slavery, and oppose abolitionism. And, in the meantime, if they could induce Alf to go with them upon an underground railroad to Canada, or to remain in their glorious land of freedom, he would offer no opposition, but let them steal him if they could.

To Greeley's proposition, he said that, as a Southern gentleman, he could not meet Fred, because of the colour of his skin: still he thought there was not a free negro north of Mason and Dixon's Line who was not as honourable, and every way as worthy of confidence, as any Black Republican editor, politician or preacher in all that ungodly region.

He said he had no confidence in the politician or the divine at the North who was engaged in this villanous agitation of the slavery question. There were true, reliable, conservative men at the North, and here in the South, who came from the North, but they were not among these graceless agitators, nor did they approve either their doctrines or policy. Said if he found any of their vagabond philanthropists in heaven, where he hoped to go after death, he should believe they got into that world of bliss and purity by practising a fraud upon the door-keeper!

The Doctor was particularly hard upon the Northern portion of the Methodist Church. Said he had been among them, and knew them well. Said the clergy among them would enter their fine churches on the Sabbath day, and preach *feelingly* against the sin of slavery, and shed burning tears over the oppressions of the "servile progeny of Ham" in the Southern States—their membership would respond in tears to the harangues of their pastors, and on the next day, in a business transaction, they would cheat a Southern slave out of the pewter that ornamented the head of his walking-stick!

But we have not space to give even a synopsis of the address, nor did we take notes to do so. The speech was a forcible one, and exceedingly appropriate. The speaker proved from the Scriptures that our Saviour recognised slavery, and that it was an institution which existed and had been recognised by God from time immemorial. He approved the traffic in slaves, but opposed a repeal of the laws prohibiting the African slave trade. Showed that before the enactment of this law, the trade was carried on almost exclusively by the people of the New England States, and that, even since its enactment, slave vessels have every year been fitted out in Northern ports, manned with Northern men, who continue to steal slaves from Africa, at the risk of being taken as pirates; that the Southern States were indebted to the pious Yankees for the slaves they now have—the Yankees having *stole* and *sold* them into slavery.

The speaker was opposed to a dissolution of the Union. He preferred to remain in the Union, and fight those who desired to encroach upon our rights, rather than secede, and give up our interest in the National Treasury, the Navy, and the Government property generally; believed that the warm-blooded Southerners, in defence of their rights, could whip the cold, calculating Abolitionists five to one. He thought it better to whip sense into them than to secede from them.

He complimented the New School Presbyterians for their late action in withdrawing from the fanatical portion of that Church. Thought the Episcopalians were making a good move in the right direction, in establishing a University in the South.

The speaker wound up his speech in an eloquent appeal in behalf of the union of the South against the common enemy—the Abolitionists—which called forth loud and repeated cheers from the audience.

SOUTHERN PROJECTS.

From The States, of Dec. 26.

THE peninsula of Lower California would round off handsomely our Pacific outline, and a slight expansion and straightening off of the southern boundary of Arizonia would give us what we really need and ought to have—that is, the very best, shortest and most easily made overland route to the Pacific.

This Mr. Buchanan attempted to secure for our people in his peace-treaty with Mexico; but he was defeated by the intrigues of the British agents. * * * The anti-annexation party, although it did not succeed in excluding Texas from the Union, had, nevertheless, the tact, power and determination to force a peace on terms that pressed our new boundary much further north than Mr. Polk and his Democratic Cabinet wished or expected. This curtailment lost us the best route to the Pacific, which, from the nature of the country, should be free to dip down as low as the thirtieth parallel of latitude; and it also excluded us from a port on the Gulf of California. * * * * *

The Gadsden treaty very soon gave us Arizonia, and this greatly improved our line of communication with California, but it still falls short of the *best* line, and it has not provided us with the almost indepensable adjunct of a port on the Gulf of California. The Senate was taken with an unaccountable paroxysm of economy, or anti-annexationism, and cut down the Gadsden purchase very considerably, throwing out mines of uncomputable value and a fine strip of territory, to save a few millions, or avoid more domain. Some years before, the whole of this invaluable ore-region was ours. * * * That class of patriots who were in a fever of anxiety about the Union outgrowing itself would not have it at all then; but, in half a dozen years, many of them expanded into a willingness to pay ten millions of dollars for a piece of the territory they had rejected with such pertinacious disdain, and will yet see the wisdom of paying ten, or twenty, or thirty millions more for the remainder of the domain they had thrown away so blindly.

We have not what we actually require in the reduced limits of the Gadsden Purchase—not what Mexico, if she knew her own interests, would desire us to have for the better protection of her helpless frontier villages from their merciless Indian enemies; still, so slow is man to accept familiar truths, that it may be a long time before Mexico and the United States come to the conclusion that a timely ten millions in the exhausted treasury of Mexico, and the removal of the boundary to 30 degrees north latitude, would be a mutual benefit.

SOUTHERN REFINEMENT.—*The* (Richmond) *South*, which declared recently that "intimacy with southern gentlemen had made Senator Douglas quite a decent man, and removed the rugged vulgarities of his early education," gives us an illustration of its idea of Southern refinement in the following gentlemanly and chivalric attack upon Charles Sumner:

"But one figure-head in the [Senate] chamber arrests attention in the picture we have here of the plain-looking, substantial, better order of American politicians. It is that of a large, tall Senator, who sits near the main entrance. His posture is one of the most inimitable conceit, with his head raised, his eyes elevated and resting on a pleasant vacancy, his body turned supercilliously away from the neighbouring Senators, and without even the least sign of attention to betray his consideration for anything that is passing around him. This huge coxcomb, with his hair so tenderly parted, and his big, white hands so constantly engaged in stroking himself, still smiling and talking to the lickspittles that surround him, is that pampered, ken-marked hound, Charles Sumner. An application of the hide would take out the lofty airs of martyrdom he affects; it would purge the conceit immediately. It is a fair bet for any one to take, that at the first stroke of the lash the hound would take refuge under his desk, and lie there yelping for mercy."

Selections.

SLAVERY AGITATION.

HOW MISSOURI IS TO BECOME A FREE STATE.

[From a speech delivered in the Hall of the House of Representatives at Jefferson City, Missouri, by JAMES B. GARDENHIRE, President of the Jefferson City Land Company.]

MUCH of the evil of slavery agitation has resulted from erroneous positions assumed in the South. Some of these I propose to consider. When right at home, the North has never failed to sustain us, and sometimes even when we were wrong. If we would take just positions at home, and maintain them through our Representatives in Congress, the flood of agitation would be consumed, and the dangerous occupation of sectional agitators would be gone. Extremes might do their worst, but none would fear for the Union, or dread the terrible scourge of civil strife.

The first of these errors I shall notice is one advocated here by Mr. Green the other night, that slavery is a moral, social, political and religious blessing, and to be treated as such. A doctrine so utterly at war with humanity, and with the opinions of our most eminent statesmen, invites refutation, especially when the prejudices it engenders are turned to political account, at the sacrifice of individual enterprise and social progress.

Slavery existed, it is said, when our Saviour was upon earth, and he did not condemn it. What sort of slavery? Negro slavery? Say? The argument proves too much. It enslaves the white man as well as the negro. The slavery then existing was of the white man—the vanquished, the victim of superior force, of conquest, of war. If the argument is right, the freedom of the white man is left to the mercy of the strong. But, without troubling you with theology, I will add that it has been thought our Saviour did condemn slavery, when he said, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." A broad rule, and, applied to slavery, means, if you catch and enslave other men, you must let other men catch and enslave you. Mr. Jefferson may have been thinking of some such just rule when he said, as heretofore quoted, that an exchange of situations was among possible events, and might become probable by supernatural interference, and that the Almighty had no attribute which could take side with us in such a contest.

It is also said that our slaves are better fed and clothed and cared for than the white labourers of the North. This argument, also, proves too much, and enslaves the white man. If true, and, being true, slavery is therefore right, these poor labourers ought to be caught and enslaved, and comfortably fed and clothed and cared for, as our slaves are. The poor fellows could hardly be made to appreciate the advantages of the change, without the unanswerable Portuguese argument—brute force—which *convinced* the African at the beginning of the slave trade.

It is again said that we enslave our children and apprentices, until twenty-one years old, and the right to do this includes the right to enslave the negro. This argument is of the same class with the others, and affects the white man in the same way. The right to enslave one race includes the right to enslave all races, and the right to enslave all races includes the right to enslave any individual of any race. This rule would set us to catching and enslaving one another, and force alone, as between the Portuguese and African, could determine who should be the master and who the slave, reducing slavery to its known origin and argument—brute force.

The civil law defines slavery thus: "Slavery is an institution, by the laws of nations, by which one man is subjected to another man, as master, contrary to nature."

And Chief-Justice Marshall, expounding this, says: "That slavery is contrary to the laws of nature, will scarcely be denied; that every man has a right to the fruits of his own labour, is generally admitted; and that no person can rightfully deprive him of these fruits, and appropriate them to his will, seems the necessary result of that admission."

It is a well-known historical fact that the Barbary States, commanding the navigation of the Mediterranean, were in the constant habit of catching and enslaving Christians. Treaty stipulations, and the combined efforts of civilized Europe, were not sufficient to prevent it. To protect our citizens from the Barbary argument, which always convinced, when presented by the orators of the Mediterranean—the Algerine pirates—the United States, in 1815, sent out a squadron under Decatur, and, by his bombardment of Algiers, he convinced them that the question of slavery was debatable, and that he was in favour of agitation.

Now, however plausible the argument in favour of negro slavery, submitted to us the other night, I have a much better one in favour of enslaving Christians, made a hundred and seventy years ago, by Sidi Mehemet Ibrahim, a member of the Divan of Algiers, and which may be seen in Martin's account of the consulship, anno 1687. It was against granting the petition of the sect called *Erika*, or Purists, who prayed for the abolition of piracy and slavery as being unjust. The African's speech, as translated, is as follows:

"Allah Bismillah, &c. God is great and Mahomet is his prophet.

"Have these *Erika* considered the consequences of granting their petition? If we cease our cruises against the Christians, how shall we be furnished with the commodities their countries produce, and which are so necessary for us? If we forbear to make slaves of their people, who in this hot climate are to cultivate our lands? Who are to perform the common labours of our city, and in our families? Must we not then be our own slaves? And is there not more compassion and more favour due to us as Musselmen than to these Christian dogs? We have now about fifty thousand slaves in and near Algiers. This number, if not kept up by fresh supplies, will soon diminish, and be gradually annihilated. If we then cease taking and plundering the infidel ships and making slaves of the seamen and passengers, our lands will become of no value for want of cultivation; the rents of houses in the city will sink one-half; and the revenue of government, arising from its share of prizes, be totally destroyed! And for what? To gratify the whims of a whimsical sect, who would have us not only forbear making more slaves, but even manumit those we have.

"But who is to indemnify their masters for their loss? Will the State do it? Is our treasury sufficient? Will the Erika do it? Can they do it? Or would they, to do what they think justice to the slaves, do a greater injustice to the owners? And if we set our slaves free, what is to be done with them? Few of them will return to their countries; they know too well the greater hardships they must there be subject to; they will not embrace our holy religion; they will not adopt our manners; our people will not pollute themselves by intermarrying with them.

"Must we maintain them as beggars in our streets, or suffer our properties to become the prey of their pillage? For men accustomed to slavery will not work for their livelihood when not compelled. And what is there so pitiable in their present condition? Were they not slaves in their own countries? Are not Spain, Portugal, France, and the Italian States governed by despots who hold all their subjects in slavery without exception? Even England treats its sailors as slaves; for they are, whenever the government pleases, seized and confined in ships of war, condemned not only to work, but to fight, for small wages, or a mere subsistence, not better than our slaves are allowed by us. Is their condition then made worse by falling into our hands? No; they have only exchanged one slavery for another, and, I may say, a better; for here they are brought into a land where the sun of Islamism gives forth its light, and shines in full splendour, and they have an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the true doctrine, and thereby saving their immortal souls. Those who remain at home have not that happiness. Sending the slaves home, then, would be sending them out of light into darkness. I repeat the question. What is to be done with them? I have heard it suggested that they may be planted in the wilderness, where there is plenty of land for them to subsist on, and where they may flourish as a free state; but they are, I doubt not, too little disposed to labour without compulsion, as well as too ignorant to establish a good government; and the wild Arabs would soon molest and destroy or again enslave them. While serving us, we take care to provide them with everything, and they are treated with humanity. The labourers in their own country are, as I am well informed, worse fed, lodged and clothed. The condition of most of them is therefore already mended, and requires no further improvement.

"Here their lives are in safety. They are not liable to be impressed for soldiers, and forced to cut one another's Christian throats, as in the wars of their own countries. If some of the religious, mad bigots, who now tease us with their silly petitions, have, in a fit of blind zeal, freed their slaves, it was not generosity, it was not humanity, that moved them to the action; it was from the conscious burthen of a load of sins, and a hope, from the supposed merits of so good a work, to be excused from damnation. How grossly are they mistaken, to suppose slavery disallowed by the Alcoran. Are not the two precepts—to quote no more: '*Masters, treat your slaves with kindness. Slaves, serve your masters with cheerfulness and fidelity.*'—clear proofs to the contrary? Nor can the plundering of infidels be in that sacred book forbidden, since it is well known from it that God has given the world and all it contains to his faithful Musselmans, who are to enjoy it of right, as fast as they conquer it. Let us, then, hear no more of this detestable proposition, the manumission of Christian slaves, the adoption of which would, by depreciating our lands and houses, and thereby depriving so many good citizens of their properties, create universal discontent, and provoke insurrections, to the endangering of government and producing general confusion. I have, therefore, no doubt but this wise council will prefer the comfort and happiness of a whole nation of the true believers to the whim of a few Erika, and dismiss the petition."

The result was, as Mr. Martin tells us, that the Divan came to this resolution:

"The doctrine that plundering and enslaving the Christian is unjust, is, at best, *problematical*; but that it is the interest of this State to continue the practice, is clear; therefore let the petition be rejected. And it was rejected accordingly."

Franklin, in commenting upon this speech, twenty-four days before his death, said that it showed "that men's interests and intellects operate and are operated on with surprising simplicity, in all countries and climates, whenever they are under similar circumstances." I give the speech and comments as I find them in Franklin's Works, vol. 2, pp. 517, 518, 519, 520, 521.

A denial of the power of Congress over the subject of slavery in the Territories, and in the District of Columbia, I have thought another error contributing largely to unnecessary agitation. I had occasion to look into this matter in 1849, and subsequent reflection and observation have but confirmed the opinion I then formed, and announced in more than forty speeches in the canvass of 1850. It is a matter I do not propose to discuss now, but a suggestion or two occurs me, too pertinent to be dismissed.

The question of power in the Territories has been settled by the Supreme Court. That decision ought to be treated with respect, and submitted to by all good citizens. The tribunal that made it is above the individuals composing it. They may die, but the tribunal, it is hoped, will live forever. The reputation of the Judges is one thing, of the tribunal another. One is individual, the other collective. But it is no disrespect to say that if that decision is right, it is difficult to see how slavery can be kept out of any Territory, or *State* even, formed since the adoption of the Constitution. If Congress has no power, and the people of the Territories none, whence does it come? Not from a Territorial Convention. It represents a Territory, not a *State*. In constitutional parlance, it cannot be such until admitted into the Union. All Territories must, then, be admitted as slave States, and made otherwise, if at all, afterwards; and where the power to do it afterwards comes from is a puzzle. The people did not have it to keep, and Congress did not have it to give, and yet in a sovereign State it exists. What particular process *creates* it I have never been able to settle.

I have connected the doctrine of the Supreme Court with the doctrine maintained here, that the people of the Territories have no power to exclude slavery. And, in this connection, it will not be out of place to mention the Jackson Resolutions of 1849. They are fully indorsed by our present Executive, in his late Inaugural, and announce this strange doctrine:

"The right to prohibit slavery in any Territory belongs exclusively to the people thereof, and can only be exercised by them in forming their Constitution for a State Government, or in their sovereign capacity as an independent State." [Laws of 1849, p. 667.]

This resolution denies the right of the people of a Territory to exclude slavery by a *Territorial law*. It presents the confused idea that they have it, and do not have it; that it exists, but cannot be exercised; sleeps, but is waked by a *name*. Call the representatives of the people a *Legislature*, and the power does not exist; call the same assemblage a *Convention*, and it does. But the resolution admits the power exists, and may be exercised in forming a Constitution for a State Government. How does it happen that so vital a power exists just at this time, and not before? What clause of the Constitution does it come from? Or from what source outside of the Constitution? If members of the Legislature cannot exclude slavery, how can the same men, representing the same people, as members of a Convention, do it? It is plain that the torpid power thus insisted upon is purely arbitrary, and made so to let slavery into all the Territories, if a single individual choose to carry it there, in spite of Congress, or the will of the local inhabitants.

I have a single remark to make in reference to the Fugitive Slave law. An error was committed in its passage, which, in my opinion, has largely contributed to the evils of slavery agitation. I speak of the clause commanding all good citizens to aid and assist in catching fugitive slaves, whenever their services may be required. It is an anomaly. There is no such obligation between the citizens of the slave States. We cannot here be made to help catch runaway slaves, and any attempt to pass a law making it our duty to do it would meet the most decided opposition. A law making it our duty to quit our own affairs and help our neighbours catch their stray horses would not be tolerated. That it is the constitutional right of slave-owners to follow their runaway slaves into free territory and recapture them, is beyond question; but as slavery exists *by force*, and not by law, they ought to be left to their own exertions, aided alone by those who are willing to do so. Catching slaves is one thing, keeping the peace is another. One is the business of slave-owners and those willing to assist them; the other, of all good citizens.

Another error I shall notice is the position assumed the other night, that it is unconstitutional for emigrants to come here with a view to change our institutions. I am at a loss to know what clause of the Constitution is violated by such an emigration; what tribunal can take cognizance of it; how the grievance is to be ascertained; or how redressed. The right of emigration to this State is common to the citizens of our sister States, and all the privileges and immutities of citizens are guaranteed to them by the Constitution of the United States, when they get here. We have no inquisition to meet them at the border, and question them as to their motives. Their emigration here is one thing, the motives that bring them another. With, the first no authority can interfere, and for the last they are answerable alone to their God. If they choose to come here, and become citizens with us, and seek to change our institutions, according to the forms of the Constitution, they have the right to do so, and the motives that brought them here, or prompt them afterward, are beyond the cognizance of human tribunals.

The same position was assumed by our State Executive, in his late inaugural, when he annexed to emigration the qualification of "*moral worth and political integrity.*" The "*moral worth*" necessary to admission might possibly be determined, if we had a tribunal to take cognizance of the matter, but the "*political integrity*" would confound all attempts. Know-Nothing, Anti or Benton integrity would be required, as the one or other of these parties might have possession of the tribunal taking cognizance of the case. But having no common tribunal, if each party organizes one of its own, I do not well see how anybody is to get into the State at all.

This matter is well illustrated by the very occasion which forced me to speak. Objections are made to emigrants from the free States, and to their building a University here, because, it is said, they are Abolitionists. The objectors make themselves the judges, hear no evidence, admit no defence, and exclude. Such a tribunal may well be compared to the Spanish Inquisition, and will certainly meet with the same determined resistance.

Mr. Douglas takes the same position in his report on Kansas affairs. A tribunal was organized to meet it. It acted independent of constituted authorities and was unknown to the Constitution and law. The history of Kansas tells a melancholy story of carnage and of blood, sadly illustrating the fallacy of the position. No good citizen—none who love the quiet of their hearthstones, and the majesty of the law that guards it—can wish to see such a doctrine put in practical operation here.

I have now finished my view of the errors from which, I think, much of the evil of slavery agitation has resulted. That much has resulted from improper Northern agitation, is doubtless true; but we ought not to allow such a consideration to lead us into similar errors. If ever there were a people who ought to be studiously careful to be right, it is the people of the South. If the terrible conflict, so often predicted, should come—I trust in God it may not—the civilized world will be against us; and, if Mr. Jefferson is to be believed, God has no attribute that could side with us in the conflict. The great masses of the free States have no interest but in being right, and they will be so, and sustain us in all our rights here, if we will keep right ourselves; but if, in the face of humanity, the united opinions of the founders of the Government, and of all experience, we assume that slavery is a blessing, that all restrictions upon it ought to be removed, and political opinions sanctioned which would send it not only into all the Territories, but into all the free States, and result in reopening the slave trade, everlasting and injurious agitation will be the inevitable result.

I come now to speak of slavery in Missouri, and what ought to be our policy in reference to it. That it is rapidly diminishing is a fact well authenticated, and that it will ultimately disappear from among us is a conviction deeply fixed in the public mind everywhere. Missouri is now the great central State of the Union, and is rapidly becoming the centre of its wealth and population. Midway between the two oceans, directly on the great railway route that must ultimately connect them, with a mild climate and unsurpassed agricultural and mineral resources, it is attracting an immense immigration. It is coming, and will continue to come, chiefly from the free States. Slaveholders not only will not come here, but those that are here are, every now and then, going off to Texas. Our policy is manifest. It is to impose no qualification, no restriction by our conduct, upon immigration; but, on the contrary, to encourage it, by the exhibition of generous, fraternal feelings. * * * * * *

The tendencies of the times will free us of slavery, without injury to the slaveholder; without a tax upon anybody; without leaving free negroes among us, and without agitation, unless it is wantonly thrust upon us by those who lose sight of the great landed and property interests of the State, make the political ascendency of the ultra pro-slavery party the chief labour of their lives, by exciting the fears of the slaveholders, misrepresenting "*the opinions and aims of other districts,*" swelling the dangerous element of sectional agitation, and imperiling the Union.

But it has been urged upon us that we must not permit slavery thus quietly to find its way to the cotton and sugar fields of the South; that there must be a slave border somewhere; that we ought to furnish it; and, if we do not, the Union will be dissolved. This is a monstrous assumption, and a short answer will dispose of it. It is, that we must keep slavery here, regardless of our own interest, or submit to the horrors of dissolution. It is not pretended that Congress, the representative of all the States, can prevent us from abolishing slavery, if we choose; yet, if we simply *let it go*, when it is going, we are *threatened* with a power coming from the Southern States, not posessed by all the States, not posessed by Congress, and made formidable by all the horrors of civil war. What becomes of State rights, sometimes so ardently advocated, if our Southern neighbours can thus force us to continue the outpost, the picket-guard of slavery, and to furnish them an everlasting slave-barrier? Let those who, in opposition to the founders of our government, think slavery a blessing, furnish it a barrier, and have all its fruits, both good and bad.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE SLAVERY CONTROVERSY.

From The Congregational Herald.

AMIDST the din and dust of a conflict, it is not always easy to see our true position, and we have little leisure to look about us and ascertain where we are. We have made advances and retreats, and we know not which has been greatest. It is well, then, if we know any landmarks, to observe them and calculate our progress.

When the recent discussions on this subject of slavery began, very few directly justified the system. Christians thought it inconsistent with the spirit of the Gospel, though not expressly forbidden; and they expected that the prevalence and power of the Gospel would overturn and abolish the system as it had done in most European countries. Politicians thought it to be an anomaly in our system, an evil politically, and economically, and socially. When it was assailed as a wrong, and its immediate abolition demanded in the name of liberty, of humanity and of God, it was excused in the circumstances, lamented as an evil imposed by Great Britain and handed down by the fathers, from which they hoped for relief in the good providence of God, they did not know how. But its advocates assured us that they were preparing for its abolition and that all interference would but rivet the chains of the slaves more firmly. They were a proud, high-spirited people, and would brook no interference from any quarter.

It was natural, that when they were plied with arguments and asked what they were doing as Christians and as men to abate the nuisance, and to prepare for emancipation, and found that the whole Christian world was against them, that they should change their tactics; for, as a matter of fact, they were doing nothing and did not intend to do anything to bring about emancipation, and they must silence conscience, if they could not the voice of mankind. Hence, the "acceptance" of the system, as it is, by Northern men in Southern pulpits, and the placing of it in the same "category" with the relation of parent and child, guardian and ward, husband and wife, and the defence of it as a God-ordained institution, fully justified by the Scriptures. Upon this ground it is henceforth to be defended and assailed. If the slaveholder can sustain his position, and show that it accords with the letter and principles of our holy religion, then he has the field, and the opponents of slavery must keep silence, lest haply they be found even to fight against God. If he fails, and it is shown to be contrary to the precepts and principles of the Gospel, no circumstances can justify it; and the slaveholder must at any hazard free himself from it, or give up the name of Christian, and must not be fellowshipped as such in any manner or form whatsoever; and the opponents of slavery must take the ground of immediate abolition, for no intermediate ground is left for them to stand upon.

The political state of the question has equally changed. From being considered an anomaly and an evil, it is come to be the corner-stone of democratic liberty; and a good to be desired and extended. Its advocates adopt with little change the language Milton puts in the mouth of Satan: "Evil, be thou my good." The self-evident truths put forth in the Declaration of Independence have become visionary abstractions. The instruments which our fathers formed, "to establish justice, * * to promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty," is found to be the ordinance of slavery; and it is decided by the highest courts in the land, that "negroes have no rights that white men are bound to respect," and may be bought and sold and transported from place to place, even into the so-called free States, as freely as cattle.

There is one inference from this doctrine embodied in the recently formed Constitution of Kansas that is worthy of careful consideration, as showing the present state of this controversy. It is Art. 2, Sec. 1, in these words:

"The right of property is before and higher than any constitutional sanction; and the right of an owner of a slave to such slave and its increase is the same, and as inviolable as the right of the owner of any property whatever."

The first clause of this is a legal axiom, acknowledged by all governments except absolute despotisms. Blackstone includes the right of private property among inalienable rights. It may not be violated either by government or individuals. If men may at all be held as property, whether they be black or white, the right is as perfect as in case of any other property. It follows that it may be taken anywhere, and held as long as the owner pleases, and disposed of as he will. Neither the government nor individuals can prevent. It follows that if the Constitution recognises property in man anywhere, it must recognise and defend it everywhere, for the right to hold and dispose of it is inalienable. Then also the ground that is said to have been recently taken by the Washington *Union* is correct, that the laws of the States abolishing slavery, by which they deprived the owners of their property, were unconstitutional, null and void. Then also the Missourian who has taken his slaves to Iowa, can hold them there, and another may take his to Chicago, and another his to Cleveland, or wherever he may choose. No logic can get around these conclusions, except by denying one of the premises; either denying the right of private property in the sense intended, or denying that men can be held as property. To this complexion we have come at last. We have no doubt as to which is false; indeed the major premise overthrows the minor. If the right of property be an original right, before all constitutional and legal sanctions, it is derived from the Creator, and is inalienable, and inheres alike in every human being; then every man has a right to hold property, and no man can be made property and deprived of that right. He cannot be made a slave. And every enactment authorizing slavery, or holding man in it, is null and void *ab initio*; it binds no man to obedience; the slave is right to escape if he can, and every man is right to help him.

But it is not our purpose to argue the case, but to show the present attitudes of the conflicting parties. They have come upon ground where they can be seen, and so that there can be no more bush fighting. The one party boldly claims that it is justified, both by the Bible and Constitution, the fundamental law both of the Church and State; the other as decidedly contends that it is contrary to both. There is no middle-ground upon which any man can stand, and every man, and every society which attempts to occupy that middle ground, will be in the condition of a man who should attempt to stand at the point of collision between two railroad trains on the same track, driving at full speed against each other. The claims and aggressions of slavery are such as to leave no alternative but to contend for the entire extinction of slavery or submit to its universal extension. Principles have been promulgated and an interpretation given to the Constitution, which will carry it wherever that instrument has authority. These principles will be acted upon slowly and cautiously. It will excite no great alarm to have a single slaveholder hold half-a-dozen slaves in the great State of Iowa, or to have a cargo of slaves touch at the landing in Cincinnati, or pass through Cleveland, Detroit or Chicago. When we become accustomed to that, they will be retained longer and finally be transferred and held wherever men please. There is no relief from this but in State sovereignty, so decidedly enforced that the slave who touches the soil shall be free in law and in fact. That sovereignty must be maintained even at the hazard of collision with the central government.

Religiously, there must be no fellowship with these unfruitful works of darkness, any more than with Mormonism. It may be true that all professing Christians at the South have not fallen into heresy, and apostatized from the faith; they cannot, however, maintain the middle ground, but will be compelled to symbolize with Dr. Ross or abandon slavery. If it is right, it is so by the highest law. If it is wrong, it is inclusive of all the wrong which man can inflict on his fellow-man, and is no more to be fellowshipped in the Church of Christ than adultery, piracy and robbery.

It should be an occasion of joy that we are at length out of the woods; that we know the true position of the enemy, and can see the ground on which we are to fight; that we know the consequences of defeat—universal slavery; and of victory—liberty and peace. Light and darkness, blessing and cursing, are not more different.

A very solemn responsibility rests upon Christians, and it should lead them to pray and watch their own hearts, that no malignant passions find a dwelling there, that strength be granted according to the day.

LETTER FROM MARYLAND.

From Zion's Herald (Methodist).

MR. EDITOR: My last communication closed with the announcement of my arrival on my Southern circuit. Having heard much discussion on the subject of slavery, and having heard the conservatives magnify the Christian conduct of the master, and the general happy condition of the slaves, I am frank to confess that my mind was favourably impressed with regard to the institution, and I designed to apologize for, if not to defend the system.

The circuit not having a convenient parsonage, I domiciled with a good brother and his family for a time, and here I made my first entry into that mysterious appendage to all Southern domestic establishments, "the quarter," alias a kitchen. Inasmuch as this apartment considers a white-wash brush and broom great innovators, and as it is used by the darkies for a dormitory, laundry, drawing-room, nursery, and a cook-room for all, both whites and blacks, I shall not attempt a detailed description, but simply refer the reader to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's accurately executed daguerreotypes of this Southern "institution," given in her account of Miss Ophelia's exploring expedition to Aunt Dinah's apartment. Uncle Tom, page 80, 81.

My host being leader of the coloured class, I took pleasure in occasionally accompanying him and leading the class, and we frequently had uproarious times, in addressing these sable sons and daughters of the Most High. I termed them brothers and sisters, but the good brother told me he did not apply these filial and fraternal terms to the members of his coloured class; he did not think it proper! Said I, "What do you call them, brother?" "Well, call them aunts, uncles, Tom, Dick, or Harry!" reminding me of the words of Clement the IVth, who, having ascended the papal chair, returned the bow of the congratulating ambassadors and others. When the master of ceremonies told his Holiness that he should not have returned their salute, "O! I beg your pardon," said he, "I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners."

But, Mr. Editor, it came to pass, in the travel of time, that your humble correspondent and his family moved to the parsonage provided by the munificence of the circuit. It was a large country house, situated in the centre of an extensive farm, the plantation being tilled by slaves. A part of them were owned by the steward of the circuit. The coloured people occupied that nondescript apartment, the quarter or kitchen, attached to the house; they were allowanced, as it is technically termed here; that is, lived by the steelyards; for the abuse of abundance they could not be charged. Their magnificent, may I not say princely, entertainment, for a fortnight, consisted of one peck unsifted corn meal, ten pounds of pork, or rather rancid bacon, and one quart of molasses. Often have I seen those negroes, property, too, of that wealthy Methodist, work in the sultry sun till 12 o'clock at noon, and then come to the kitchen to mix and cook their chicken feed for dinner, and, on bended knees, from my wife would beg a little salt. Their bed chamber was a strange scene of dirt, confusion, and solitude; black with the smoke of burnt pine knots, strewn with rags and the plucked feathers of stolen chickens. The bed consisted of a few rotten rags spread on a soft plank, and a few more tatters for covering; but as these people seldom remove their clothing when they retire, they have not so great a demand for counterpanes.

I drew some comfort from the thought that those cases were extreme, and seldom paralleled; but a pious and very wealthy member of one of the Churches on the circuit gave me a special invitation to return from church with him, as he wished to converse with me. As we entered his house, he informed me that one of his coloured girls had gone to church, got "shouting happy," and had returned in a trance; or at least, her powers of locomotion seemed destroyed, and she had not done any work for two days. He wished me to see her, and pass an opinion on her case. I accompanied him to the kitchen loft, and there my unsophisticated eye saw the same kind of entertainment that I had witnessed before. Since then, I have learned to wonder at nothing of this sort. On passing along the road, I had frequently seen a very aged coloured man, a complete cripple, trying to make baskets. I found that his lower limbs were quite useless; his house was like a pig-sty, for it was simply a pen of rough, unhewn logs, without window, and but one room; and when the reader is told that this 12 by 18 mansion accommodated two families, and recollects the propensity of the darkies for the accumulation of rags, he will conclude with me that the interior of this splendid edifice baffles all description. But in just such homes do tens of thousands of negroes in the South live, both free and bond. As I entered, said I, "How are you, uncle?" "I'se bad 'nuff, massa." "Are you free?" "Yes, massa." "Were you always free?" "Ah, no." "How long were you in bondage?" "Fifty years, massa." "Well, what has crippled you so?" "Hard work, an' long at it." "Who did you belong to?" I was struck with surprise at his answer. A steward of my circuit, a man of wealth, and the father of an itinerant preacher. "Why, you can't work, uncle?" "Must do it, massa." So, slipping a silver coin into his hand, and commending him to the care of his heavenly Father, I took my leave, and for the present do the same with my reader. JUNIUS.

BUCHANAN AND HIS TROUBLES.

THERE was a delicious merry-making when Mr. James Buchanan came into his federal estate. The Democratic newspapers pronounced everything quiescent and serene. A minority of voters had overcome the majority, and the majority, as in duty bound, would at once sink upon their knee-pans, confess their sins and promise to sin no more. It was not worth while to estimate the moral opposition—to take into account that sublime expression of the popular intelligence—to note that where men were free, were prosperous, were rich, were well-informed, our present President went begging for votes. It was nothing that the wealthy and cultivated people of New England pronounced against him. It was nothing that the Western States, some of them great and some of them destined to be great, followed the New England example. It was nothing that the Empire State showered an avalanche of execration upon the Democratic candidate; the person now at the head of the Government complacently fancied that success in the present insured success in the future. He made the unfortunate blunder of thinking that if he could occupy the Presidential stool, the people of the North, the East, the West and the South, would bow down to him. He was by an inscrutable Providence permitted to believe that his election, under the forms of the Constitution, was sufficient to settle all the affairs of the Republic. The Kansas trouble ended with his advent. The Nicaragua question lapsed when he took the oaths. He foresaw an Administration as peaceful as that of Mr. Monroe. He went into his place with prodigious complacency, and considered the storm to be appeased. He squatted himself, like a kind of King Canute, and commanded the waves of conscience and of intellect to be stayed. Unfortunate Canute-Buchanan! You are already spattered, and drenched, and salted.

We suppose that Mr. Buchanan must, by a sort of contagion during his residence abroad, have been infected by the delusion, which now, after a long interval, like those of hydrophobia, are exhibited. He approves of the unquestioned authority of kings; but he is unmindful of the fact that he has not 100,000 bayonets to back him up. Because he can make postmasters, and collectors, and embassadors, he fancies that he can make the opinion of the people. Because he can make Nathan Clifford Judge (as the Roman Emperor made his horse Consu he thinks that he may do what, in his sovereign capacity, he may please to do. Because he has a subservient majority in the Senate, he mistakes the Senatorial tenure, and imagines it to be for life. Because the Democratic party has been almost uniformly successful in the past, he thinks it must be uniformly inevitable in the future. The poor old man! He is like the Bourbons. He has forgotten nothing, and he has learned nothing. He cannot see that his party, under the influence of a diffused intelligence and humanity, is melting away; that it can no longer count upon the great Presidential vote of New England, of New York, of Ohio; that within itself it contains the elements of dissolution. He comes to us almost from a generation past and

involved, and the subject had not been as thoroughly canvassed, there was not the same unanimity of sentiment. There was not, however, any great diversity of views; for when the vote was taken, there were but four dissenting voices.

In this respect, Mr. Editor, the conclusion reached by the Convention differed from those presented in your editorials. The Convention expressed opinion that it was impolitic to attempt the change of the General Rule by getting a vote in the Annual Conferences previous to the General Conference, and previous to direct legislation with reference to the chapter. You advise a different course. This difference, we apprehend, is more in the order to be pursued in legislation than in those principles involved, or the end had in view. You would place the change of the General Rule first, believing that to be practicable and best. The Convention would place direct, extirpatory legislation first, then a change of the Rule, if the latter is practicable, in 1860, which is questionable. We want a change in the Rule as much as you, and do not intend to be satisfied until it is changed. We want it changed, or a new one in its place, not from an apprehension that it sanctions the practice of slavery, or that it stands in the way of direct legislation, so that slavery cannot be got rid of till it is changed, but because we want the anti slavery character of the Discipline, and the extirpatory action of the Church, placed beyond the possibility of a repeal by a bare majority of a General Conference. We want a General Rule which will unmistakably proscribe all slavery, so that if the Church should ever backslide, and the leaven of iniquity, in the form of pro-slavery sentiment, be more extensively diffused, it will be possible for one-fourth of the ministers to prevent the admission of slaveholders.

To get slavery out of the Church by a just process of legislation is the first thing to be sought. The changing of the General Rule in 1860 was thought to be an uncertain matter. To change the chapter so as to exclude all slaveholders, and remove such as are now in it from the Church, is possible. There are, perhaps, anti-slavery men enough in the different Conferences to change the Rule; but it is probable they would not unite on any single proposed plan.

This conclusion of the Convention was based, not so much upon the "Demonstration," published by Bro. H. Mattison, in the *Herald* of the 16th, as upon past experience, and what seemed to be the impracticability in the case. You cannot enlist much zeal for what seems for the time being impossible, but men are willing to labour for a good which they can accomplish. Q.

Western New York, Dec. 21.

HOW THE OPPRESSORS DO THEIR WORK.

It is true that a great wrong once fairly inaugurated and its operations hedged round by the instruments of power is hard to be overcome—a cruel oppression once fairly in operation maintains itself in spite of the condemnation of the universal conscience and the remonstrances and opposition of those who cannot submit in silence to the outrage. With every repetition of the villany, with each fresh instance of the infliction of the wrong, our hearts are stirred within us and the victim has our sympathy, but seldom are we able to correct the evil or reform the injustice, and scarcely has the last sigh of the oppressed died away upon our ears ere we are compelled to listen to the wail of another victim. This is peculiarly the case with the infamous Fugitive Slave bill (we will not call it *law*); notwithstanding the almost universal execration with which it is regarded by all the good and in spite of its frightful inhumanity and its violation of the laws of God and man, this act is still operative in some parts of the country, in the free States, and seizes and hurries away to bondage its helpless victims, who are accused of no crime except that they love liberty and wish to own themselves.

A little more than a week since, a coloured man named Jacob Dupen was seized by the slave-hunters near Harrisburg, Pa., as a fugitive, while he was in the field ploughing. The next morning, before the usual hour, he was taken before Judge Kane, and, on the testimony of a single witness beside the officer who arrested him, was at once remanded into slavery. The decision had scarcely been made when the friends of Jacob appeared in Court with counsel, who asked if it was not unusual for cases to be heard at so early an hour in the morning? Judge Kane replied that there was in fugitive slave cases often an attempt made to interfere with the execution of the law, and for that reason they should be peremptorily heard.

Here is a simple story, but what volumes does it contain! A peaceful, industrious citizen, while attending to his honest employment, having committed no offence, and not even accused of any fault, is seized, as if he were a felon, hurried at an unseasonable hour before a prejudiced Judge, and with no opportunity allowed him for preparation, defence or possible escape, is deprived of his liberty, remanded to slavery, converted into a thing, a chattel, and subjected to all the probable and possible wrongs that slavery inflicts upon its victims. What a sad commentary upon our boasted free institutions! What a burlesque upon our claim to be considered the freest nation upon earth! Thank God, the Fugitive Slave Act is abhorrent to the sense of the people of Massachusetts, and cannot be enforced upon our soil, but in some of the free States the shame and reproach of the infernal act is still endured, and its revolting exhibitions are frequent.—*Boston Bee.*

THE SLAVE TRADE ON THE AFRICAN COAST.

The steamship Gambia arrived at Plymouth, England, on the 11th inst., from the African coast.

The African cruisers continue their activity. Commodore Wise, on the night of the 20th of October, seized two canoes full of slaves off Cabenda. Their owners intended to have conveyed them to a barracoon 50 miles northward. The steamsloop Alecto, 5, Commander James Hunt, took her sixth prize into Sierra Leone on the 13th of November. The editor of the *New Era* says:

The prize had contrived for a considerable time to baulk several of the boats of our cruisers, by which she was boarded, by showing under her fore hatch a quantity of worthless gum in bags, and a few casks of rum and palm oil at the main hatch, to induce the belief that she was a regular trader, while these articles served effectually the purpose of hiding a slave-deck ready laid. Reliable information, however, had been received of her being fully equipped for the trade, which led to her being more closely searched and her ultimate detention. This vessel is a perfect beauty and is nearly new, with splendid accommodations; under sail our fastest cruisers would stand but a poor chance with her, aided by wind and steam; indeed, it may almost be regretted that so fine a ship should be demolished, in conformity with the act of Parliament. *The Alecto also captured a fine schooner, the Clara Williams, which sailed a few days before the bark, and had just arrived.* There are now lying in this port three vessels, barks, to be condemned, two being destroyed, one discharging, one being sold to-day, and one schooner just arrived. The many captures made by our cruisers of late cannot fail to discourage the inhuman monsters who persist in carrying on this barbaric traffic, however formidable may be the number of vessels embarked by them in the trade, and we heartily wish the officers of our cruisers success in the prosecution of their humane work.

The case of the Spanish bark Conchita, Eugenio Bayona, master, seized by Her Majesty's steam vessel Firefly, George Firth Day commander, in the roadstead of Whydah, for being equipped for the slave trade, was heard in the British and Spanish Mixed Court of Justice on the 5th of November, before George Skelton, Esq., Her Majesty's British Commissioner, and his excellency Colonel Hill, who represented the Spanish Commissioner, Mr. Dougan appearing as advocate for the seizors, and Mr. Shervington advocate for the claimants.

The vessel was condemned to the Crowns of Great Britain and Spain, on the ground that she had on board at the time of capture upwards of 3,290 gallons of water, sufficient for 253 days for a crew of 13 persons, and 55 spare planks which were adapted for laying down a second or slave deck, no Custom House certificate having been produced, stating that these articles were intended for lawful purposes, as required by the treaty, and that none of her papers, excepting the fort pass, had been passed through the Custom House at Bahia.

Correspondence of The Baltimore Sun.

WASHINGTON, Monday, Dec. 28, 1827.

The Portuguese claim to sovereignty over a portion of the west coast of Africa is in a fair way to be disputed by more than one European power. The claim is founded upon discoveries in 1486; but the Portuguese authority has been nearly nominal until of late years, when it has been occasionally asserted. There is a Governor resident at a station on the coast, and he has a small naval force and a body of marines under his command. The British Government have disputed the claim, and some time ago sent a force to the Congo, and expelled a body of Portuguese marines. The French Government now disputes it, and persists in purchasing slaves on the Congo river for *apprenticeship* in the French West Indies. The Portuguese Government has undertaken to drive off the French slavers by force, and to capture and condemn the American slavers. We shall hear more of the matter ere long.

Will the British Government support the French in opposition to the interference of Portugal? If sincere in the intention to suppress the slave trade, she may. The Portuguese have seized upon American vessels found engaged in the slave trade within her jurisdiction. This Government will not, probably, make it a subject of complaint.

The French apprentice contract has, according to all accounts, given a fresh impulse to the African slave trade. Under one contract with the Government twenty thousand negroes are to be delivered in the French West Indies within three years. These islands will, by this supply of involuntary labour, be restored to their former prosperity and productiveness, and their planters will be enriched. Whether England will adopt the same policy, it remains to be seen. But it would now appear that the slave trade is restored to its pristine vigour, and is prosecuted with more profit and less hazard than usual. The measures taken, under treaty provisions, by the United States and Great Britain for its suppression have signally failed. It is stated by officers of our African squadron that if one slaver out of five escape the cruisers, the profits of those concerned will be very great.

The abuses of the American flag by the slavers have been frequently the subject of complaint, and it has been, at various times, proposed to legislate on the subject. The treaty provision by which we engage to keep an eighty-gun squadron on the African coast for the suppression of the slave trade is found to be useless; at least, so far as our part of the engagement is concerned. A withdrawal of the squadron is strenuously advocated by some. On the other hand, if it be intended to enforce the laws, the squadron should consist of swift steamers. The British cruisers have lately captured or run ashore several American slavers. The United States vessel-of-war, the Dale, has seized one in the Congo river, and sent her home. We shall see whether it will be possible to enforce the laws in this case, against her owners, officers and crew. ION.

MR. SUMNER AND THE SENATORSHIP.

From The Springfield Republican.

THOUGH there is no official announcement of the fact, we presume it to be settled that Mr. Sumner will absent himself from public life for another year, and spend it in retirement and travel abroad. If his health is to be restored, nay, if his life is to be preserved, he must be separated, by at least one sea, from the exciting associations and suggestions of American society and politics, which are ever reminding him of his sad condition and its causes. Taking it for granted, then, that he will return to Europe at once, and remain there for at least another year, the question becomes a public one, will he resign his seat in Congress? And to it, we desire early to enter an emphatic no. Under the peculiar circumstances of his absence, he is justly entitled to retain his position and the pay which there need be no affectation in saying his circumstances require. Massachusetts ought not to demand, expect, or even permit, his resignation, until the issue of another twelve-month shall positively determine whether or no he is permanently unfitted for public duties. The service in which he was wounded justifies some sacrifice on the part of the Commonwealth; and the public opinion of the country and of the world—for his is a case that is known and discussed throughout the realms of civilization—will sustain her in clinging to him as her representative and servant so long certainly as any hope remains of his restoration to health, if not indeed so long as life lasts; and would, indeed, condemn her if she did not do so.

Nor are the practical consequences of the temporary vacancy of his seat likely to be such as to affect this moral view of the question. His vacant chair will plead as eloquently as any other voice than his could for the principles with which he is identified, both to Congress and before the country. And there can hardly be many, possibly no important divisions which the single vote he represents could change. No, we trust no one will counsel or expect Mr. Sumner to resign; but that he will go abroad again with every confidence in the good faith and interest of Massachusetts; holding still her commission as Senator, and feeling that her honours await his return; that her people watch his fortunes with both a personal and a public interest, and that, as they identified themselves with the outrage inflicted upon him, they will associate themselves officially with his painful struggles, on land and by sea, to overcome its terrible effects.

We cannot doubt these are the common sentiments of our people. Nor that the speculations of an immediate resignation, and the election of Mr. Banks to the vacancy, have no foundation in any general or even personal wish that they may be realized. Mr. Banks has assumed responsibilities at home which he is eager to discharge, for which he has sacrificed, under the circumstances, as high and honourable and certainly more influential a position, than that of Senator, and which cannot now be transferred to other shoulders, either with honour to himself or usefulness to the State. He should, and we believe will, thank no man for inviting his ambition to other responsibilities, at least for the present.

A Boston correspondent of *The Evening Post* says:

"Yesterday I had the pleasure of learning from Senator Sumner's own lips that he has no intention of resigning his seat in the Senate. There is not a man in Massachusetts, with heart and head enough to fill Mr. Sumner's place, who does not earnestly wish that he may retain it, though he should not speak another word in it. They would as soon level Bunker Hill because that is silent. His history talks. He received letters from South Carolina warning him that the 'honour' of that chivalric State would require her sons to shed more of his blood if he took his seat at this session."

The Boston correspondent of *The Times* says:

"Mr. Sumner will not resign, Gen. Wilson tells me, but will attend in his place as closely as possible, and to the extent that his health will permit."

THE KANSAS QUESTION IN WASHINGTON.

Correspondence of The Times.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1857.

IN the midst of the fillibuster excitement we have another element turning up to plague the Administration and accumulate its embarrassments. "Extremes meet," and Nicaragua at one end and Kansas at the other rush on us with startling events at the same instant.

The intelligence that the Constitution of Kansas has been ratified *with* the pro-slavery clause is a bomb-shell which the Administration did not anticipate. Among those Northern men who had proposed to sustain the President's policy, it excited an indescribable panic; and by the time the discussion is resumed in the Senate we shall find Messrs. Bigler, Jones, Fitch & Co. shivering with a most distressing fit of political ague. Already some of them begin to hint that they are not yet committed; and if the news is confirmed by later and fuller advices, they will vindicate my declaration that politicians are not prepared to rush directly into the jaws of certain destruction. The two new Senators from Minnesota just elected are of the Douglas school of politicians, and will follow his lead in opposition to the Lecompton fraud.

On the other hand the Southern men who have heretofore been a little backward in the fight, fearing that the Kansas Constitution would come here with the slavery clause out, will now become active and earnest in the support of the Administration policy—and the real struggle will hereafter be carried on with a purpose. Southern men are much elated with the Kansas news—but they give the Administration no thanks, being satisfied that the President sent agents to Kansas to induce the people, as a matter of policy, to vote down the slavery article.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31, 1857.

After the letters of the Cabinet to the Philadelphia meeting, there can be no further doubt of the President's full and complete recognition of the Lecompton Constitution, and of the intention of the Administration to make it a strict test of political orthodoxy. This purpose was foreshadowed through *The Union* several days ago, and it is now officially avowed in a manner and form which admits of no possible misapprehension. The guarded phrases of the Message, which were employed to serve a given purpose, are no longer used, and the mask is at last thrown off, so that none but the wilfully blind can hereafter be deceived. The next move will be to carry out practically the suggestion contained in Acting-Governor Denver's inaugural, in which he declares that though the late Lecompton election may have gone for slavery by default, the refusal of the Free State men to vote will not impair the validity of the result. This is to be the ground of the South, when the Constitution comes here, even if the election of Monday next shall vote it down four to one. The majority are to be treated as a faction, while the minority are to be welcomed as the very exclusive exponents of the popular will. The issue is getting made up fast, and in a form more trying to the nerves of the Northern wing than has yet been assumed. We shall see where they find authority for the last definition of Popular Sovereignty when the screw is turned on the Lecompton swindle, made even more infamous by a repetition of the glaring frauds which Gov. Walker stigmatized with such unqualified reproach. There is a point when endurance ceases to be a virtue, and it has at last been reached.

Correspondence of The Herald.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2, 1858.

Sidney Smith being once asked how Lord Brougham prepared himself for his Parliamentary campaign, replied that he was "eating raw meat, drinking oil of vitriol, and spending all his spare time with the tigers in the Zoological Gardens." These were terrible preparations; and it is hoped that Judge Douglas will not imitate the example set him by Lord Brougham, and thus strike terror into the Senate on his return to Washington. As matters now stand, he has not yet a corporal's guard in either House to do his bidding, and he must either capitulate to the Administration forces or seek "aid and comfort" from the opposition.

The Lecompton Constitution is expected here every day; and, no other legal act being submitted to Congress, action will be had on it without further delay. As things stand there will be no difficulty in admitting Kansas, and no objection afterwards to let the people of Kansas do what they please, without troubling Congress or the Union. In six months from the admission of Kansas as a State, the Free State men will have everything their own way, and the actors in the farce will slink from the stage when the audience shall have retired which applauded them. There will be no more play in the play, and no more tears for Hecuba and her dream of fire and destruction. There is a majority of six for admitting Kansas under the Constitution, in the Senate, and a working majority in the House—that is certain.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4, 1858.

There are rumours afloat that some of the Southern members of Congress in reference to Kansas are beginning to flinch, and that they are ready to reject the Lecompton Constitution, and side with Douglas rather than Jefferson Davis. But as this Kansas question is now an issue to the South, which rises above the question of men and factions, the Southern members of both Houses will be required to stand their ground. To this end there will probably be an early Southern caucus, "big with the fate of Rome."

Correspondence of The Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.

The last move of the political speculators in Kansas, including some of those who profess a desire to see it a Free State, is to take the Lecompton Constitution, strike out the clause limiting amendment, and then submit it to a popular vote. It is contended that this plan would practically attain the object sought by Judge Douglas, and by giving the power of framing a new Constitution to the people, obviate the objection which exists against the present contrivance. These charlatans forget that the people of Kansas, in their might and majesty, are pledged against that Lecompton affair, in whatever shape it may be presented. The very name stinks in their nostrils. It is useless at this day to patch up compromises. The memory of the last has risen up in judgment against any further experiments. No delusion of words, no quackery of form, no emollient of ingenuity, will sooth or heal this bleeding wound, which gapes more widely and ghastly than the five which Mr. Clay held up with so much effect to the pitying gaze of an excited country only seven years ago. The broad, papable, inevitable and inexorable issue has to be met squarely, and neither artifice nor dexterity can avoid it. Therefore, it is useless to try plasters when surgery alone will serve.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.

The Kansas policy has been definitely determined upon. The Lecompton Constitution is to be forced through Congress, if possible. The President is singularly irritable upon the subject; he regards it as a personal project, and will not tolerate any doubt upon its justness or expediency. He was deceived into the belief that the pro-slavery clause would be voted out, but, now the South have outwitted him, he is too fully committed to them to retract if he would. He makes it a personal contest between Douglas and himself, and means to use the whole executive power to gain it. Men who are thought to be wavering have received an intimation that this or that friend who is in office will be removed, if they oppose the President. Brown, of Mississippi, opens for the South, and Douglas is ready to meet him and all his friends. He returns from New York full of confidence from what he has seen there that he will be fully sustained, and he will renew the contest with ardour, glorying in the strength which he has here and among the people, and which the whole power of the Administration cannot weaken, nor even prevent increasing.

Most of the members have already returned, and Congress will be ready immediately to consider the grave questions which will at once be presented before them.

Correspondence of The Times.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.

Senator Pugh's Kansas project meets with disfavour among the Southerners, as inviting intervention. It will not be accepted by Douglas and his friends.

FILLIBUSTERISM AT WASHINGTON.

Correspondence of The Richmond Enquirer.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31, 1857.

GENERAL WALKER, having been discharged from custody by Marshal Rynders after he was told the Administration could not consider him a prisoner, will now in turn make his complaints and demand redress. If his seizure was illegal, the Government is undoubtedly bound to pay expenses and make full indemnity. This can be effected by dollars and cents; but General Walker says dollars and cents will not cover the injury done him, and claims that the United States shall send himself and men back whence they were taken, and rehoist the Nicaraguan flag, and cause it to be saluted by the United States ships-of-war. Such are the filibuster's demand; but it remains to be seen how far they will be complied with by the Government. Walker will set about making preparations for another departure. He is in fine spirits, and says that the combined powers of the Government may delay the accomplishment of his purpose, but cannot defeat it. Great excitement prevails among Southern members of Congress, with whom General Walker's rooms are constantly crowded. They promise us something definite on the Neutrality laws so soon as Congress shall re-assemble.

Special Despatch to The Richmond South.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, Dec. 31.

The Administration is anxious to escape its responsibility for Walker's capture. It is publishing the general orders issued to the Home Squadron, but *the fact is carefully concealed that particular instructions had been communicated, a portion of which was to the effect that the expedition, if it escaped interception on the sea, might be captured while debarking.* Walker has no hope of being reinstated in Nicaragua by this Government. He will prefer a claim of indemnity to Congress for about a million of dollars. He says that he will await events before proceeding southward. IXION.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, Dec. 31, 1857.

The tone of the Administration relative to Commodore Paulding is materially modified. Captain Engle has received permission to delay his return to Aspinwall until the 20th of January. Commodore Paulding will probably carry Minister Lamar to Central America before his return, and then come home in his own ship, whose cruise will then be ended—thus relieving the Commodore without conveying a mortifying rebuke.

Notwithstanding the positive official denunciations of the illegality of Paulding's act, the President privately expresses his admiration and approval of it. The Commodore will neither be sacrificed nor theoretically sustained.

Senator Douglas has been heard from. He intends to take bold ground in favor of Walker.

Correspondence of The Pennsylvania Inquirer.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1, 1858.

From what I can learn to day, I am of the opinion that Capt. Uriah P. Levy is to be sent out immediately to take command of the Gulf Squadron, thereby succeeding Commodore Paulding, who is undoubtedly to be recalled. The Department, it appears, cannot resist the Southern pressure upon it, and a brave and gallant officer is to be ordered home, virtually in disgrace, because he carried out what he conceived to be the spirit of his instructions, and was unaware that the Government meant any less than it said in his orders. Perhaps, if Humphrey Marshall succeeds in carrying his threatened resolution through Congress, Capt. Levy will have the honour of carrying back with him the distinguished fillibuster Walker, and depositing him in triumph on the soil from which he was taken by his predecessor. Once there again, Gen. Lamar, our new Minister to Central America, and *known by the President when he appointed him to be the avowed friend of Walker*, may, and probably will, aid him in maintaining his position. Walker, it is understood, declares it to be his intention to demand of our Government to be thus reinstated in the position from which he was taken. If he does, my word for it, his request will be acceded to; for I am satisfied that the Government is just weak enough to do any silly thing, in the present emergency, in order to conciliate the feeling of the South. As for Com. Paulding, he will have his reward in the grateful acknowledgments of the honest, right-minded people of his country.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2, 1858.

I mentioned in one of my late letters the rumour that Capt. Levy would probably be ordered to the command of the squadron now under the orders of Com. Paulding, if the Government should decide to recall the latter officer. I have since had an interview with Capt. Levy, and found him much pained at the possibility of such an event. He authorized me to say that such are his relations to Com. Paulding, and so high an esteem does he place upon that officer, both socially and professionally, that were such command tendered to him, he would feel compelled to request that some other officer might be selected, rather than be placed in such an attitude toward his old friend and comrade.

This betrays the most noble and delicate sense of honour on the part of Capt. Levy, and I record it with the utmost pleasure. There are very few, either in public or private life, who would make such a sacrifice under such circumstances.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, January 3, 1858.

The present which the Administration has received, in the shape of General Walker, is not received with entire thankfulness. It seems to know as little what to do with him, now they have brought him here, as the man did with the elephant which he had drawn. Gen. Cass and Secretary Toucey drop him like a hot coal, and he is left to burn a hole into Congress, if he can. His demands are, at first, very moderate. He merely asks to be indemnified for all loss and expense, which he estimates, I am told, at the modest figure of $150,000, and to be returned to Nicaragua with his men and arms in a government ship, which shall salute his flag there. Some members, I am told, are going to sustain this demand, and the question will come up in Congress at once. Meanwhile he remains at Brown's Hotel, with his famous "gray eye" watching the chances, and ready at any moment to slip off to join Henningsen, who has gone South to superintend the departure of some new expedition. He is visited by the notables of the city, and is treated in every respect as a most worthy and respectable citizen. I hear that he was serenaded last evening. Kidd and Lafitte lived a generation or two too soon. Their qualities would be better appreciated now.

The Administration offers to excuse Com. Paulding for having done what he was instructed to do, and he is simply required to continue to take the responsibility of what he did, and thus, perhaps, divert the abuse and condemnation of the South from the Administration to himself. Some wag says that the troubles of the Administration must have nigger in them in some way; it is niggers in Kansas, and then Nigger-agua.

JANUARY 5, 1858.

The report that Mr. Douglas is intending to lead off in defence of Filibuster Walker is not true. I understand that that gentleman means to hold the Administration responsible for not executing the laws of the United States against fillibustering within its jurisdiction, viz., one marine league from the shore of the United States; that when it went beyond that distance it violated international law. He is not prepared to condemn Commodore Paulding until it is clearly known what instructions that officer acted under.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31, 1857.

The Administration is not now like the ass of the logicians, dying of want between two equally-attractive stacks of hay; it is rather like a more natural and possible ass between two goads, and the most urgent of the two drives it southward.

Walker, the buccaneer, is to be let off without a trial, because taken upon *neutral* territory. Com. Paulding—already a very promising Presidential candidate—is to be tacitly rebuked. "They manage these things better in France," and elsewhere; in fact, anywhere better than at Washington.

All things tend to the reopening of the slave trade. If Walker and his piratical crew cannot be taken at Punta Arenas, neither can freshly-imported African negroes be taken off. The precedent must be established for the buccaneers, so that when these same buccaneers become slave-drivers, they may enjoy its immunities.

A temporizing President, elected by the South, *must* yield to the South; and the South now believes that they have a man who will not only aid them in the extension of slave territory, but will provide the necessary stimulus and motive for converting Punta Arenas into a barracoon for all the South-Western States.

Nicaragua is doomed, and with it the party that calls itself "Democratic."

The South, at present represented by Walker as its true exponent, will insult the Administration by demanding to be replaced—in the person of the buccaneer and his bloodhounds—upon Nicaraguan soil. The South, supporting, defending and applauding Walker, thus quietly kicks and spits upon the Federal Government.

You of the North cannot form a true estimate of the fervour and enthusiasm with which buccaneerism, as a means of extending and perpetuating negro and other forms of slavery, has been adopted by the half million of slaveholders who elected James Buchanan.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3, 1858.

If the friends of fillibuster Walker are permitted to have their own way to-morrow, they will bring in resolutions arraigning Captain Paulding, and perhaps take a dash at the Message besides. The more prudent of the Southern men are disinclined to any rash demonstration, and prefer a call from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, which will enable the President to lay the whole case before the House, with whatever justification he may propose. They know very well, for the assurance has been given in a tangible form, that the Administration and the ultra interest in the South are only separated by a matter of form—that both aim at the same end, but seek to accomplish it in different modes. The extremists are for repeal of the Neutrality laws, expeditions and conquest. Mr. Buchanan, on the other hand, is for diplomacy, discretion and acquisition. A time may come when it will be convenient to find a cause for quarrel, and, to prepare the way for that contingency, professions of hostility to unlawful crusades may be useful now. Let every careful observer stick a pin in that point of the Message which refers to our relations with Spain, in order to appreciate the force of this suggestion.

Cuba is the great object of ambition with the President, and he does not affect concealment in contemplating that acquisition as the means by which his name is to be transmitted to history. But he differs wholly with those who think that the benign and civilizing influence of slavery may be extended by fillibustering expeditions. Experience has shown him the peril of such a policy, beside disclosing a chapter of consequences to be entailed in attempting to apply it on the scale which reckless adventurers would undertake. Hence he is not willing to risk even a remote chance for Cuba by encouraging a desperate and hazardous enterprise against Nicaragua. And in this view he is sustained by the more sagacious managers of the South.

While it is true that the arrest of Walker has excited a strong feeling of mingled sympathy and resentment here, that feeling is rather identified with the cause than with the man. Leading Southern members are free to condemn his qualifications, and quite willing to see the mantle which he has assumed transferred to more competent shoulders. They openly question his civil capacity and his military attainments to conduct such an undertaking, and believe it to have been damaged by his intrusive championship. Accident has given him temporary consequence, of which he will be divested as soon as the flurry has passed, and that will be whenever his claim for indemnity comes to be overhauled and the test applied.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5, 1858.

Mr. Douglas is prepared to take decisive ground against the Administration on the Nicaragua affair, contending even that an arrest on the high seas would have been illegal, and that power was limited to the jurisdiction of the States.

Judge Black is writing an opinion for the President, maintaining the adverse view.

Correspondence of The Herald.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5, 1858.

The Cabinet had a prolonged sitting to-day on affairs relating to Gen. Walker, Nicaragua, and the conduct of Com. Paulding in the arrest of the fillibusters. The Cabinet is firm in the position it has already taken with regard to these matters. While it will not sustain any of its agents in any irregularity or mistakes they may have made in the execution of a paramount duty, it is disposed to forgive those for the sake of the principle involved, and on account of the policy it has laid down with regard to Central America.

Gen. Walker has written a letter to the President, in which he claims that he has never violated the laws of the United States, and that officers of this Government have in various ways illegally and unconstitutionally interfered with the rights of himself and associates. He clearly expresses his determination to make use of all lawful means for effecting his return to Nicaragua, declares that he will keep within the law hereafter as heretofore, and intimates that if he is interfered with, it must be by a constant and continual succession of illegal and unjust acts.

Instructions of a peremptory character were despatched South to-day to Collectors, District-Attorneys, Marshals, &c., against the departure of fillibustering expeditions, and to rigidly enforce our neutrality laws.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1858.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

ALL subscribers to THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, in the WESTERN STATES, who are in arrears for more than a year, will receive a bill with their paper of this week, to which we call their particular attention. A similar bill will be sent once more before the FIRST of FEBRUARY next to those who neglect this first summons to pay a just debt, which has been very frequently asked for within the past few months. And the names of those who are still delinquent on the first of February will be crossed from our books.

Subscribers in the EASTERN and MIDDLE STATES, also in arrears, will receive a similar reminder with their next week's paper; which will also be once repeated, if necessary, before the FIRST of FEBRUARY, when the paper will be stopped if the bills are still unpaid.

THE FUTURE OF COTTON.

THE year which has just taken its flight has been full of history. Especially in the East and in the West. The continents of Asia and of America have been the theatres of great events—of events which tell of the advent of yet greater ones at hand. Persia, China and Hindostan have been brought with bloody distinctness before the eyes of the civilized world. The entanglements of England, especially, with the first-named power have been so far untwisted as to leave affairs there pretty much as they were before the speck of war appeared on that horizon. In China, matters are far from being adjusted, and the interruption of commerce in the Southern provinces may be only the prelude to a war with a nation which the English themselves have taught how to fight, of which it would be as vain to calculate the results as it would have been a hundred years ago to foresee the consequences of Clives' victory at Plassy. A new India may be destined yet to be found in the Celestial Empire, with effects on the civilization and development of the races that inhabit the earth, and of the earth itself, which seem fantastic day-dreams now—but not more so than the fairy-tale of the British sway in India would have done to the generation contemporary with Chatham and Wolfe, a century since.

The progress of the movement of British arms in China has been stayed by the Sepoy insurrection in India; but it has only been interrapted, not broken up. That insurrection, with all its horrible concomitants of barbarity on the one hand and of vengeance on the other, will put the British power on a new and surer footing than it has ever held in India. The new strength which will be given to the *prestige* of the dominant race, by its suppression, and the opportunity which it will afford the British government to rearrange its machineries there, can hardly fail of mighty effects on the condition of all parts of the globe, our own included. We do not enter into the merits of the China or India questions here. We merely accept the facts as they are added to the roll of history and see what logical or moral consequences may be deduced from them. And we believe that effects most seriously affecting ourselves may well be expected to proceed from the establishment of British rule in India, and its influence, if not its control, in China—effects which may, perhaps not remotely, touch that institution of our own which is the mainspring of all the rest. And to this the great commercial distemper which has spread with such epidemic rage from the Western coast of the Atlantic to the Eastern, and which is another of the signs by which the year just vanished will be long remembered, may give direction and energy.

There can be little question of the fact that the thread which the Destinies of Anglo Saxon races twine upon their distaff is made of Cotton. This is the real electric cord that binds the Mother and the Daughter countries together, and which makes their prosperities thrill to this same truth of good or of evil fortune. It is very true that the Cotton Interest is of far less value, in dollars and cents, than many other industries; that, when added to all the other productions of the slave States, it does not reach, by more than three millions, to the value of the hay-crop of the North. But, being the chief article of export, by which the debts of the country are liquidated, a kind of international currency, it assumes a gravity and importance far beyond its actual value. It is the dependence of Great Britain on this country for this great staple of its industry that holds it in check and enables our administrations to bully and swagger in the way they generally think essential to their prosperity, confident that no serious opposition will be offered by their chief customer to any of their schemes of land-robbery and slave-extension. Thus Texas was allowed to be devoured without interposition, and we fear that not merely Nicaragua, but Cuba herself, may drop into our mouths, as soon as they are ripe enough, without serious European resistance, unless some new element of chance or skill should complicate the game and affect the policy of the players.

Now, this state of dependence is one that must be galling to the just and natural pride of the British nation. To feel that the roots of its prosperity are planted in South Carolina and Alabama, and made to grow and germinate by the hands of slaves, cannot be gratifying to the nation which has led the van of attack upon the slave trade and upon slavery itself. Nor yet that its vast commercial wealth is so inevitably connected with the condition of things in this country that a financial earthquake here makes the towers and pinnacles of its glory totter and fall. The necessity of a new Declaration of Independence of the Mother Country, this time, from its subjection to the American Cotton Market, must force itself on the self-interest and the self-respect of the English people. And now the opportunity for beginning this Revolution offers itself too plainly to be mistaken. The English Parliament is soon to have absolute control of all India, and a prevailing influence over China. Both these vast countries are cotton-growing ones. The capacity of British India for the illimitable extension of this culture was demonstrated near twenty years ago, by the British India Society speaking through George Thompson. The price of labour is incomparably less than that of our slaves. It will not take many years, after the British Government has seriously taken hold of the experiment, to see it in the full tide of success.

The failure of the attempt at Cotton Culture by the Society just mentioned was owing to the indifference, if not the hostility, of the governing influences in India, at that time. The East India Company, controlled by a body of London merchants, were not disposed to favour any new thing which came athwart the regular course of their red-taperies. They were doing very well, as they were; and as long as dividends were paid as usual, they saw no particular advantage in a material change of routine, either as matter of amelioration for the natives or of policy for the empire. This state of feeling, we apprehend, will pass away as the star of Yorkshire and Lancashire rises upon the setting of that of Lendenhall Street. The manufacturing interest holds the balance of power in the Commons, and has waxed great enough to demand even a representation in the Lords. We may be sure that, when the control of India passes from the Directors' parlour to the floor of the House of Commons, a new face will be put upon matters there. Let the power and wealth of Great Britain be directed to the development of the Cotton Culture in India by the proper encouragement of its growth and by the opening of Railways to the sea coast, and a mighty change will be come over the day-dreams of the slaveholders. When Cotton can be delivered by the way of Bombay and the Isthmus of Suez, or even by the Cape of Good Hope, at six cents a pound, there will be a voice of wailing and lamentation in all the slave-markets of the South—but a wail of the masters, and not, as now, of the slaves.

We are well aware that it is not Cotton that supports slavery in this country. It is not the wealth that the slaves produce, but the power which we have consented their masters shall have over ourselves because of that ownership, that creates the strength of the Slave Interest. Ambition, rather than avarice, is the vital principle of slaveholding. Slavery will not die even of the withdrawal of that on which it feeds, at once. It will draw its sustenance out of us long after that is withdrawn. But the diminution of the exportable values created by Slave Labour will have an immediate effect on the commercial classes of the North. It would produce an emancipation second only to that of Great Britain herself, and would shake seriously the loyalty of Wall street, and State street, and Market street. It would be the severing of one of the bonds that bind the living North to the dead South, and hasten the day of the final separation which must come, unless prevented by emancipation. It would be felt at first deeply by the North, but the recuperative energy of free labour would soon restore prosperity there and compel either liberation or ruin to the South. Then the North will be called upon to pay for the inevitable deliverance, and, with the long habit of sufferance, she will probably consent to the unjust demand. We cannot foresee precisely how these things are to come to pass, but they are on the way, if not at the door.

REMOVAL OF LORING.

THE pro-slavery conservatives of Massachsetts will exert themselves to the utmost to defeat the effort for the removal of Edward Greeley Loring from the office of Probate Judge, which he holds in defiance of a law of the State; and we fear that they will have the aid of no inconsiderable portion of the Republican party. Everything depends, doubtless, upon the Legislature, as Gov. Banks, whatever may be his private wishes in the matter, will hardly dare to resist the measure if it shall pass that body. The Boston correspondent of *The Herald* anticipates a severe struggle. He says:

"The question that most threatens to disturb the Banks party is that of Judge Loring's removal from the Probate Court of this county. The Judge is a United States Commissioner, and catches runaway slaves in an uncommonly skilful manner. He can safely be commended to any Southern gentleman who thinks of visiting us in search of that kind of property which makes wings of its feet and flies away. One of his warrants has never been known to fail. The ultra Republicans have for years argued that if he will hold his Commissionership, he should not be allowed to hold his Judgeship, and that if he loves law so well, he should be treated to a touch of its "higher" qualities. Twice they have succeeded in getting the Legislature to pass resolves requesting Governor Gardner to remove him from the State office he holds; but on each occasion the Governor was so unkind as to say to them nay. The conservative Republicans, and all the Boston papers that supported Mr. Banks at the last election, have a strong desire that the subject shall be allowed to sleep over the ensuing session; but they will not be let off so easily, though Mr. Banks is of their determination. Were there no other way of getting it before the Legislature, Messrs. Garrison, Phillips & Co. would see to its being brought there. They are after the Judge as the wolves go after horse-flesh,

> With their long gallop, which can tire
> The hound's deep hate, the hunter's fire;

and mean not to leave him. They will get up petitions for his removal, if they shall see him favoured by the ruling party, and so force it to show its hand. If the Legislature should ask his removal, then Mr. Banks will be very delicately placed; for if he should comply, he would offend the Whig portion of the Republicans; and if he should not, he would equally offend the Free Soil portion of his party. The former are the more numerous, the latter the more determined and energetic portion of his supporters. It is expected the Legislature will refuse to ask the Governor to remove the Judge, and so save him the necessity of choosing between two unpleasant courses. The Democratic members of the House are relied upon to help the Governor, in this case, against the demands of the more lowering members of his own party. Perhaps they may not be found so obsequious as they are relied upon being. By absenting themselves from the House on the taking of the vote, they would compel half the Republican members to declare virtually that heretof

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Boston, on Thursday and Friday, Jan. 28th and 29th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m. A strong array of speakers, as usual, may be expected on the occasion.

In view of the absolute control of the National Government, in all its departments, by the Slave Power—of the fillibustering designs of the South, through the agency of the piratical Walker, for the purpose of a vast extension of the accursed slave system into new territories—the continued subjugation and fearful situation of Kansas—the brutal and monstrous decision of the U. S. Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, whereby the entire coloured population of Massachusetts are denied to have any rights as citizens of the United States—the official declaration of Mr. Buchanan, that slaveholders are as much entitled to hold slaves in any of the Territories as any other property—and the revolting and startling doctrines avowed by the South, in regard to free institutions—the friends of freedom are summoned to rally, at this annual gathering, in numbers, and with a spirit and zeal, commensurate with the importance and solemnity of the crisis.

Francis Jackson, President.

R. F. Wallcut, Secretary.

CALL FOR AN ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION IN VERMONT.

Whereas the question of American slavery is deservedly the great question before the people, in both Church and State;

Whereas there is need of more and continued agitation on this subject, and for greater effort in the anti-slavery cause;

Whereas there are many in our State who desire to occupy a higher moral platform than that occupied by the political parties;

And whereas it is desirable that the friends of Freedom be better acquainted and cooperate more heartily;

The undersigned hereby respectfully invite their fellow-citizens to meet in Convention at Bradford, Vt., on Tuesday and Wednesday the 26th and 27th of Jan., 1858, to consult, discuss and determine with reference to to the evil of Slavery, and to adopt such measures and take such action as the importance of the subject and the state of the times demand.

Ryland Fletcher,	Henry Miles,
Moses Kidder,	Parker McNiece,
B. W. Dyer,	L. Prindle,
N. R. Johnston,	John Gillies,
F. S. Bliss,	J. M. Coburn,
Asa Low,	Willard B. Porter,
William Morrison,	Samuel Strong,
E. Hebard,	Guy C. Sampson,
N. Hazeltine,	Daniel Keenan,
Leonard Johnson,	Josiah Divoll,
J. C. Winship,	James F. George,

James Stayton.

[Note.—Several hundred names are signed to this call. We need not give space to more, since The Standard has a limited circulation in Vermont.—Eds.]

The Convention will be organized on Tuesday *at 3 1-2 o'clock*, or immediately after the arrival of the Southern train, at which time all the members are earnestly requested to be present. Addresses by invited, distinguished speakers, whose names will be duly announced, will be delivered on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday, and probably during the sessions of Wednesday.

THE KANSAS QUESTION.

The design of the Administration to force the admission of Kansas into the Union under a Constitution establishing slavery, and in defiance of the will of more than three-fourths of the people of that beleaguered Territory, seems likely now to be defeated for lack of unanimity on the part of the slaveholders, many of whom have the sagacity to perceive that the adoption of a measure so outrageous, and which can secure them no permanent advantage, would deprive them in the future of all effective support at the North. The plot for forcing the Lecompton swindle through Congress by Executive influence, aided by the threats of the fire-eaters to withdraw from the Union in case the measure should be rejected, was laid with skill, and, up to a very recent date, the conspirators were confident of success; but the events of the last few days have filled them with fear and dismay. The *New York Herald*, which is now understood to reflect the views of the Administration, has been endeavouring, for some time past, to excite the fears of the North by predictions of terrible things to be done by the South if Congress should refuse to admit Kansas as a slave State under the Lecompton Constitution. It has warned us, in so many words (see first page—Pro-Slavery Department), that the Southern Representatives, in that contingency, would "withdraw in a body from Congress, issue a manifesto from Washington requiring the Southern State Legislatures to take the matter in hand," and then "await in Washington their recall home, or their orders for a surrender, at discretion, to the will of a Northern majority." This, in the significant words of John Quincy Adams, would be "terrible, very terrible!" no doubt; at least there *was* a time when the people of the North would have thought so and made haste to avert such a calamity by obeying the will of their masters, the slaveholders. The plot was as good a plot, doubtless, as ever was laid; but at the very moment when the fire-eaters were confident of their ability, through such appeals to Northern cupidity, to "crush out" the rebellion inaugurated by the "Little Giant" of Illinois and control the votes of the great body of Northern Democratic representatives, they were startled by a bomb-shell thrown into the very centre of their camp by one of the most distinguished leaders of the Southern Democracy. Henry A. Wise, the Governor of Virginia, has stepped forth, at an opportune moment, to rescue the Democratic party and the slaveholding cause from the destruction to which, through the weakness and folly of the President and his doughface allies in yielding to the empty bluster of the fire-eaters, they were being rapidly hurried. In a letter to the Tammany Society of this city, written in reply to an invitation to attend the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, Mr. Wise comes out in open hostility to the Lecompton swindle. The salient portions of this letter will be found in another column. Gov. Wise sees clearly enough that the interests of slavery, instead of being promoted by the consummation of the President's scheme, would be seriously imperilled; and he comes to the rescue with a boldness which may well put Mr. Buchanan and his Northern supporters to shame for their weakness and subserviency. Senator Bigler, we hope, has sense enough to see that, in assailing Douglas, he quite gratuitously made a fool of himself and earned only the contempt of the very men whose favour he was most anxious to win. Having gone down into the gutter and covered himself all over with its filth, he may now console himself as best he may with the reflection that his masters repudiate and despise his supererogatory and degrading service. The lesson, if lost upon him, may possibly have a good effect upon some other weak-backed representatives of the North.

Gov. Wise's plan for settling the Kansas question differs from that of Mr. Douglas in that, instead of requiring the passage of an "enabling act" by Congress, it leaves the people of Kansas to proceed, in their own time and way, to organize themselves into a State. As this plan requires no action on the part of Congress, we think it the one most likely to be adopted. However the fears of the Northern Democratic representatives might have deterred them from following the lead of Douglas, they cannot hesitate to tread in the footsteps of so eminent a representative of the Slave Power as Mr. Wise. They will do this the more readily in view of the position taken by the Democracy of Indiana and Ohio, as recorded in another column. Indeed we shall not be surprised if Mr. Buchanan himself shall, within a fortnight, change front upon this question and recommend the very policy proposed by Gov. Wise. The fire-eating wing of the Southern Democracy will, of course, affect to be very indignant, as that is a part of the play which it would not be safe to omit; but they will be very easily conciliated by a share of the yet undistributed "spoils" and by new favours privately extended to the fillibusters.

The Free State party in Kansas was divided upon the question, whether it was expedient for them to take part in the election of State officers and members of the Legislature under the Lecompton Constitution. The majority were at first decidedly opposed to such action, but a large minority were of the opinion that they ought to vote and elect their own men, with the understanding that the officers thus elected should refuse to serve, and thus effectually nullify the Lecompton Constitution in spite of all that Congress might do to give it vitality. The election was held on the 4th inst., and the opinion is expressed in the latest telegraphic despatches that enough of the Free State men voted to elect a majority of the members of the Legislature, but not enough to elect the Governor and other State officers. The vote, on the same day, under the authority of the Territorial Legislature, upon the Lecompton Constitution, will show the determination of the people of Kansas not to submit to that fraudulent instrument. The majority against it will reach, it is supposed, 10,000. The vote in favour of that Constitution, at the previous election (in which the Free State men took no part), is reported at 7,000—having been swelled by the most atrocious frauds. Troops of men came over from Missouri and voted.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXII.

The Argument.—The Correspondent Meteorologiseth—His opinions on Thaws—On Cockneys—On Fuel—His memories of Anthracite—And of the days when it was not—He maketh an Epic transition to Mr. Garrison's interview with Colonel B rr—His explanation of it—His suggestion to future artists—His own recollections of Burr and his regrets—Burr's visit to Boston in 1812—Some particulars about it—The Correspondent mourneth the downfall of Gov. Gardner—His eulogy of him—Prospects of Judge Loring under Gov. Banks—Prosperity of Bazaar, &c., &c., &c.

Boston, Jan. 11, 1858.

I can say nothing to the credit of the weather to-day. It is a Great Thaw of the greatest kind, and as dull as Shakspeare tells us they were in his time. The walking is nothing less than infamous. I am rather glad I did not go on to New York, as I thought of doing, so as to be there to-day, as your streets maintain the "Metropolitan" superiority over ours in vileness that your cockneys claim for them in everything else. Though "cockney" is not precisely the word to use, inasmuch as it implies nativity in the place that *cockneyizes*, and I am not aware that anybody ever was born in New York. There may be a few accidental exceptions, but they are not in my mind at this moment. There is this to be said in favour of a thaw, to be sure, and that is, that it is warm and so far forth benefits the poor at the expense of the coal-dealer and wood-wharfinger. I don't know whether you have such a denomination of business as this last with you, since your caloric is chiefly of a carbonic genesis, but it still survives for us, and was five-and-twenty years ago the source of all the light and warmth of our firesides—in the days when firesides were, before the general principle was kept imprisoned in the cellar and only allowed to come out through grated orifices. Alas, there is scarcely a fireside to fight for, nor a hearth, so entirely has the "swart fairy of the mine" prevailed over the cheerful sprites of the forest. And even the coal is now generally hidden from the sight and condemned to do its work in solitary imprisonment. The more's the pity!

I am old enough to remember, though very young at the time, the first anthracite coal fire that was ever kindled in this city. How it was abused! And what prophecies of mischief to health and eyesight was it the occasion of! I can see, in my mind's eye, the fierce light of the red-hot masses, looking like the lumps of gold with which the Hartry Demon purchased the soul of Martin Waldeck. (I hope I have not made any mistakes of names, as I have not time to verify the quotation.) That was the first kind of coal that was used and was very different from the sorts afterwards brought into use. I remember the story ran, after a great fire in Court street, I think it was, that the only thing that was found safe and sound, in spite of the conflagration, was a winter's supply of this incombustible fuel laid in by some economical lawyer. Many stout-hearted citizens stood out against the innovation, and persisted, with true conservative stubbornness, to be cold after the fashion of their fathers. Many diseases, I remember, were attributed to the mischievous custom, then beginning to creep in, of warming houses with furnaces. I daresay there may have been some such—but by no means so many as the old reign of cold compelled. Those terrible winter mornings, and the dressing in the cold chambers, to the air of which the wood-fire could scarcely impart a particle of warmth! And the churches, too! Especially in the country, there was absolutely no means of warming them known or thought of, and people sat out the long services when the thermometer was many degrees below zero—it being actually colder than outside, where the air had at least some elasticity about it. I do not believe, for one, that the strength or health of the present generation have been damaged by the multiplication of physical comforts, and particularly as to warmth and light.

That was a curious fact which Mr. Garrison tells in the last *Liberator* of his interview with Aaron Burr in this city. It shows how deep an impression the laying the corner-stone of the Modern Anti-Slavery Movement had made on the general mind of that time, that such a man as Colonel Burr should have sought an interview with the obscure printer, whom Mr. Otis could scarcely find out, though he diligently sought for him, five years later. There seems to have been no motive for the effort to dissuade him from the career on which he had entered, excepting a good-natured wish to prevent a young man from throwing himself away in a hopeless undertaking—from dashing his brains out against the walls of the American Bastile—when there might be the making of a tolerable lawyer or minister in him. It must have been a striking scene, indeed. The old battered politician and man of the world, with no principle and no faith, on the one side, and the young, ardent, enthusiastic champion, full of faith and strong in justice, engaged in a battle for other men and at such fearful odds, on the other. It would be curious to know what Colonel Burr thought of his fanatical interlocutor. It is morally impossible that he could have comprehended the character of the youth before him, but, one would think, he must have admired his pluck and persistency. It would not be a bad subject for an artist, one of these days, after time enough has passed away to make the scene historical. The contrast of the two men, one in extreme old age and the other in the very bloom of youth, the difference in the expressions of their countenances at the moment of their greatest divergence of opinions, the utter discrepancy between the men and the careers the one was ending and the other beginning, would make a suggestive subject for a picture, and one of which I make the next generation of art a present.

I remember seeing Colonel Burr once in Broadway, and have a perfectly distinct impression on my mind of his look at that moment—a little old man, in a rather shabby great-coat and hat, with a quick, keen look out of his eyes, as he passed. I have always been sorry that I did not seek out an interview with him, as he was accessible and courteous to young men desirous of conversing with him. I think Mr. Wendell Phillips told me that he once paid him a visit and was most kindly received and entertained. Possibly, though I never thought of it before, that gentleman may have contracted the tendency to treason under which he labours, and which seems to have become chronic in his case, by contagion from this proverbial traitor of our youthful days. Colonel Burr arrived in this port from Europe, as you may learn from Mr. Parton's Whitened Sepulchre of him, or from his Journal, in two volumes, published by Matthew L. Davis in 1838. He was here *incognito* for ten days or a fortnight, mainly from the impossibility of raising the money necessary to take him to New York—though the necessity of making some arrangement with the government and with his creditors, as to his indictments and his debts, had something to do with it. He lived at the boarding-house of Mrs. Goodrich, on the spot, and perhaps in the very building, where Young's Coffee-house now stands, behind Joy's Building, where you and I have dined together, and which is memorable as being the place where Pat Riley (I think it was) arrested Shadrach, on the day of his memorable rescue. The particulars he gives of his adventures and of the people he saw are very amusing to an old Bostonian who remembers the people. It was President Kirkland who finally provided him with the means of escape, by paying him forty dollars for Boyle and Moreri for the College library.

Since my last letter we have witnessed the setting of our chief political luminary. Governor Gardner has sunk into the gulfs of fate, and is seen no more, and probably never will be again. But he has had a long day of prosperity, after all, considering the nothingness out of which he rose. Nobody had ever heard of him before, by some extraordinary jockeyship, he appeared as the Know-Nothing candidate for Governor, and, chiefly from disgust at the way in which the politics of the State had been conducted by the Whigs, was elected by the largest majority known in our history. Never did man have a better opportunity to have a distinguished and useful career, and never was opportunity so signally thrown away. The devil tempted him, as he does all weakling politicians, with airy baits of National promotion. The Know-Nothings seemed to be carrying everything before them, and it seemed not impossible that the man who had been elected Governor of Massachusetts, by 80,000 votes, might be the candidate of the party for the Vice-Presidency; and since Presidents have contracted a habit of dying before their term is up, a Vice-President may find himself unexpectedly grown out of the knowledge of his nearest friends. These things did not turn out so, to be sure, but then they might. And so Judge Loring was saved, the Personal Liberty Bill vetoed, and the course of the ship laid, as far as the man at the helm could do it, towards the *South* Star—if there be one, which there certainly must be, and a lucky one, too. Know-Nothingism kept him over a second election and the third he tided over by bullying the Republicans out of making a nomination. Mr. Banks, however, who had "headed" him in the Know-Nothing lodges, was his evil genius this year and consigned him to private life and the parlour of a new Banking-house he has set up in State street. You will be shocked to learn that the malevolence which has so long pursued the patriotic Loring is not yet tired of its chase, and that petitions for his removal were among the first offered after the opening of the Legislature. It is thought that a passage in Governor Banks's Inaugural Address looks towards the removal of this exemplary magistrate by a side-wind, by abolishing all the Courts of Probate and Insolvency and making them over again in one. But of this hereafter.

I was entirely within bounds when I fixed the proceeds of the Bazaar at $3,000. They reach $3,500, I believe, and may attain a little higher figure yet, by some later operations, since the doors closed. This is certainly a great success, considering the preternatural badness of the times.

D. Y.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

Dublin, 23d of Dec., 1857.

Messrs. Editors: Here we are close upon Christmas, and such a Christmas! If the old adage be correct, that "a green Christmas makes a fat churchyard," we should have a plague abroad just now. I have not met nor heard of any oldest inhabitant who boasts that in the golden days of his childhod, when George the Third was a young fellow, he experienced such a season as we have had for the last six months—such a remarkable uniformity of temperate weather, with so little rain or extremes of heat or cold. To be sure, we never experience the extremities of temperature which fall to your lot—but this is in a degree made up to us by a superabundance of damp. From this, however, we have been also free. In 1846, one William Lloyd Garrison was over here, and somehow or other I was thrown into his company on several occasions. He was greatly diverted by our weather at midsummer, it rained so steadily; and I heard him say that for six weeks he had rain every day but one, when he happened to be in Ireland, which piqued him not a little—just as, when you have made up your mind that somebody is altogether wicked, you feel as if he had impeached your judgment if he should chance to commit a virtuous action.

I have just been reading a leader in *The Times* of the 19th, in which we are informed that a great contest between free and slave labour is approaching, and that the substantial advantages of the latter are at length so apparent that the Broughams and Wilberforces of the day are labouring under a diminished prestige, and must abate some of the loftiness of their pretensions. The representations by the English Abolitionists of former days of the free and slave life of the West Indies are ridiculed, and it is asserted that since we have so far given way to their statements as to resign, in abolishing slavery, the cultivation of those tropical products which are the chief basis of our own industry, or among the chief sources of our revenue, the United States, Cuba and Brazil have obtained a monopoly of them. It is a folly to look to the United States to abandon a system which she finds so profitable. It is nonsense to think the Northern slave States, which now flourish by breeding slaves, have relinquished any notion of abolition they ever entertained in consequence of the reproaches of the Abolitionists or for any other reason than the very sufficient one that they find it profitable. Slavery is a question of political economy; and so long as it is found productive, all arguments, of whatever kind, will prove powerless against it. Some of the wealthiest men in the world are among the Cuban planters. Nowhere is slavery more cruel than in Brazil, yet it flourishes there. All these countries, in consequence of slavery, "are becoming rich, powerful, arrogant, every day less inclined to be guided by English counsels or moved by English interference." They are free nations. Africa is a free coast. Then he shows how Trinidad has been ruined by abolition—how difficult it is to obtain labour—and how necessary it is, in order to show that free labour is not the impossibility which the partisans of slavery represent, that we should obtain for our West Indian islands a supply of free immigrants from China or India. In plain English, *The Times* is affording its powerful countenance to the schemes for a restoration of a disguised slave trade, of which the perjured French tyrant has already set the example.

No remark is more common in England than that *The Times* is an unprincipled paper—but that we must have *The Times*. It is a hateful necessity; and the number is so vast of those who depend for all their intellectual pabulum upon such reading that it is no wonder there should at length be a very general outcry respecting the alarming increase of an insensibility to all moral and social obligations. A paper of such talent and so little principle cannot fail to exert a terribly demoralizing influence. The secrecy with which it is conducted, the vastness of its resources, the brilliancy of its articles, and the greatness of its admitted influence, impose on the imaginations of millions; and as it is continually blowing hot and cold, and you can never discover what its guiding mind really thinks on any subject whatever, it is easy to imagine how great the amount of obfuscation which is likely to be produced. The state of the national mind in England at this present writing indicates extraordinary bewilderment. As far as we can gather from the newspapers, it is the general persuasion that the Indian mutinies were acts of causeless, unnatural, ungrateful revolt. The words *rebel* and *traitor* are applied to the Hindoos—much as if they were rebellious natives of Middlesex and Yorkshire. It is a general sentiment that we have two things to do; first, to put them down by hook or by crook (which is called justice), and then to Christianize them as fast as possible. That the English people will stop until they reassert their supremacy in India, I do not think likely. That they are ever likely to fulfil the apostolical part of their "manifest destiny," I regard as extremely improbable. That the English Government of India has been so beneficent for the nation as that of the Great Mogul Emperor, Akbar Shah Jehan, or Aurungzebe, is at least questionable—but even if actually better, in some respects, it is certain that the very best intentions conscientiously fulfilled towards a distant nation, "alien in race, alien in language, and alien in religion," will never be able to reconcile a country, almost as large and quite as populous as Europe, to the hated sway of the stranger. Probably for every Englishman, woman and child massacred in India, at least one hundred Hindoos will have to bite the dust before English "justice" is satiated—and who believes that after such a baptism of blood, the natives of Hindostan will be readily indoctrinated by their masters into those precepts of the Sermon on the Mount which no Christian sect whatever really regards as entitled to more than a formal assent? Here is a sum in the Rule of Three for you. If it has taken England 700 years to conquer Ireland, and if the number of people in Ireland who hate and abhor English rule is greater now than it was in the year 1600, how soon is it probable that the Hindoos will be reconciled and Christianized? Almost every Englishman you meet will admit that the means by which English ascendancy was obtained were utterly indefensible, but he is equally persuaded that all this iniquity will be the means, under God, of procuring countless blessings for the benighted heathen. This is of a piece with the pleas for the slave trade so unctuously put forward by pro-slavery divines as God's chosen plan for dispensing the Gospel to Africa. On the whole, I am disposed to think that there is a large number of great scoundrels in the greatest, freest, most enlightened, most religious, and most refined nations. From our birth a process begins with most of us which ends in persuading us that we are wisest, greatest, best, and that our national crimes are more venial, more gentlemanly and more respectable than the virtues of other people.

I have often mentioned the *Saturday Review* to you. It is the ablest of all the English weeklies, and its increasing size and circulation are some proof that the public are of my opinion. It attacks *The Times*, Mr. Dickens, the Financial Reformers; it is a sort of conservative, but don't spare the "upper crust" when *it* comes in its way. It is bitter against shams and all kinds of mere seeming. In its own view, the *Saturday Review* is always right, and everybody else is probably a good deal hollow, ignorant and hypocritical. Well, now, I would like your opinion as to whether Pecksniff himself ever, in his sublimest effusions of mingled humility and self-complacency, equalled the richness of the following outbreak of self-abasement, which I take from an article called "Christmas Day" (written for the season), in the last number of that journal:

"The nation too is engaged in what must be regarded as a strange and alien work for a Christian people. It is struggling to maintain its dominion, as a conquering power, over another nation. We believe and trust that the empire for the maintenance of which we are contending is a beneficent one, such as it is our duty to maintain, and that Providence has given it for high purposes into our hands. But to escape the spirit of heathen self-aggrandizement and heathen pride, we have need of the best resolutions that man can form or reason inspire to make our dominion when reestablished one not of selfish tyranny and rapacity, but of Christian charity and love. We are engaged as a Christian nation in the alien work of conquest and we are engaged in the still more alien work of retribution. That retribution is, indeed, righteous, it is our duty to inflict it, for we are to these criminals in the place of a magistrate and bear not the sword in vain. * * Punishment is necessary to prevent renewed horrors, and to stamp, if possible, forever on the Eastern mind the wrath of Heaven against demoniac crime. It is necessary for the guilty men themselves, for whom, since they have put themselves out of the pale of humanity, it is better, in the eye of mercy itself, to die than to live. But far be it from us to wield even the righteous sword in a spirit of mere vindictiveness. Still farther be it from us to involve the innocent in the same storm of blind vengeance with the guilty. We must stifle with indignant horror cries for wholesale butchery—else it was not for us that Christ was born into the world."

This is surely a recommendation of what *The Tribune*, speaking of Caleb Cushing, calls "Christian stealing, evangelical burglary, religious invasion, virtuous tyranny and humane subjugation." If you should feel inclined to think me deficient in patriotism, I beg you to remember I am "only an Irishman." And yet a friend of mine in this city, a long-headed, prudent, cool, *rich* man [there, now, you will mind what he says], declares roundly that no race on earth equals the Anglo-Irish [of whom your correspondent is one]; that race to which Wellington belonged, whom the English papers described in their obituary notices as having been "born in Ireland of an English family," though they forgot to say that the family had flourished here for four or five hundred years. But it will not do to take nations in the lump—least of all the Irish. I know of no civilized country in which the population born on the land and racy of the soil are so various in their habits, ideas and prejudices. Your G. W. Curtis wrote an essay lately on Thackeray, in which I learn, for the first time, that Ireland cannot endure him for his book upon Ireland. That depends on the Irishman who is the critic. The larger proportion of Irish will tolerate no Protestantism; a considerable section are as blindly hostile to all Popery. I have known a lecturer—one of the meekest of men—obliged to make the humblest apologies for having, inadvertently, used the words "dark ages," as they were regarded as an imputation on Mother Church, who had it all her own way in those days. I was present when another lecturer, who is not a bit like Moses in the matter of meekness, called forth a storm of indignation by using the word "Jesuitical" in its ordinary English sense as meaning something slippery. Slaveholders are not more touchy when their darling institution is reflected on than are most of my countrymen whenever any reflection is cast upon anything in the remotest way connected with the Catechism of the Council of Trent.

I wish you would get *The Times* and publish in "the proper quarter" the article I speak of.* And on the subject of the fitness of white men for labour in warm countries, I know no one who speaks more to the point than Mr. Weston, in his "Progress of Slavery in the United States," which I commend to your friendly notice.

Yours ever truly, Richard D. Webb.

* The article was in type for the Pro-Slavery Department before our correspondent's letter came to hand. See first page.—*Eds.*

A MANLY AND CHRISTIAN LETTER.

The Rev. Dr. Cheever, having been invited to attend a social gathering of the New York Young Men's Christian Association, one evening last week, sent the following truly noble letter.

Finding that I cannot be present at the social gathering of this evening, I inclose the sentiment which was put into my hands in regard to the standard-bearers of the Gospel. The great obstacle against the triumphant progress of the Gospel in this country is the system of slavery, and the habits of subserviency and a selfish expediency with which the support of such a system necessarily fetters the ministry and the Church. Hence the necessity of your "diligent support and hearty cooperation" in the effort to let loose the thunders of the Word of God against that iniquity. One of the most direct and constant aims of a Young Men's Association should be to concentrate, and sustain an intense, universal, unmodified and always aggressive energy against that sin; for it is the sin by which our country is to perish, if it be not resisted by the Church and the ministry with the Word of God. Young men are needed, with their youthful energy *englobed* and preserved, as John Foster said, to be exploded everywhere in an uncompromising hostility, for the rebuke of such wickedness. But alas for the spirit of concealment and expediency in the Church in regard to it! "The young adventurer advances through an avenue formed by a long line of tempters and demons on each side, all prompt to touch him with their conductors, and draw the divine electric element, with which he is charged away." Let us beware of such conductors, whether in the Church or out of it.

It is one of Burke's remarks that "good works are commonly left in a rude, unfinished state, through the tame circumspection with which a timid prudence so frequently enervates beneficence. In doing good, we are generally cold, languid and sluggish, and, of all things, afraid of being too much in the right. But the works of malice and injustice are quite in another style. They are finished with a bold, masterly hand, touched as they are with the spirit of those vehement passions that call forth all our energies whenever we oppress and persecute." The work of young men is to concentrate and direct those energies in behalf of the oppressed and against the oppressor. They, therefore, must associate, not to create among themselves beforehand the caution and timidity of old men, but to preserve unimpaired and augmented those qualities that in young men are so precious—that impulsive fervour which, in the path of duty, does not stop to calculate the consequences; that enthusiastic love of truth and freedom which cannot endure falsehood and slavery; that open and straightforward directness and decision in speaking and acting; that regard to righteous principle; that contempt of concealment, trickiness and compromise; that unwavering determination for justice and liberty, and that measurement of all things by the Word of God, always necessary for great usefulness, but especially at such a time as this, in our own country.

We do not want a Young Men's Christian Association to take the form of an Eclectic Circumlocution Office, where the great question is, *How not to do it*, or in regard to unpalatable truth, *How not to speak it!* but how most freely, fully, swiftly, and effectively to speak it forth, and to do it. We want a Young Men's Christian Association on the "eclectic" principle that both reduced and consolidated Gideon's army. "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early." We want young men who, if appointed to go to Ninevah, will not, by way of compromise and expediency, take a voyage to Tarshish. We want an Association for our own times and our own country, ready to confront those very sins by which our own country is ripe for destruction; an Association with the utmost freedom of discussion; an Association whose ruling principle shall not be, how not to to give offense, but how to do most positive execution in behalf of righteousness and liberty.

As the defenders of Slavery are centralizing themselves and our Government upon that iniquity, we must centralize upon the Word of God. One of the greatest benefits of a Christian Association in this city is to prevent the principles of young men from being perverted, and their habits warped, by the prevalent spirit of expediency in the suppression of the truth. A man's principles and conscience are easily quieted, if you clothe them in purple and fine linen, and feed them sumptuously every day. The Church itself, and the ministry, is in danger of becoming nothing but a great barrel-organ, notched to please the congregation and the State, and secured beforehand against any impulsive denunciations of oppression, or untimely effusions in behalf of equity and freedom. That the Word of God may have free course and be glorified, and that we may be faithful in its application to the great reigning iniquity of our land, may the young men of your Association always be found in the front rank of the army, with Him that is faithful and true, who in righteousness doth judge and make war.

Most truly and respectfully yours,

George B. Cheever.

PERSONAL.

Washington Irving, now seventy-five years old, walks to Dr. Creighton's church, in Tarrytown, and back, five miles, nearly every Sunday.

Mr. Thomas Hicks, the artist, is the orator designated by the Century Club of New York, to deliver the eulogy upon the life of Crawford, the sculptor.

Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia, is expected, we understand, to occupy, by invitation, the pulpit of the Rev. Mr. Longfellow, in the Brooklyn Athenæum, on Sunday evening, the 24th inst. In the forenoon of the same day she is expected to attend one of the meetings of Friends in this city.

The Rev. Wm. H. Furness, Pastor of the Unitarian Society in Philadelphia, celebrated the thirty-third anniversary of his settlement on Sunday last. He delivered a very impressive discourse upon the occasion. A friend who was present writes: "He told them of his mental conflict when his duty to the slave first opened to his conscience; how he shrunk from the cross, and how, when it was fairly taken up, his strength was renewed and his soul enlarged. It was a beautiful and sublime testimony for the truth."

Mrs. Lucy Stone, of Orange, N. J., has refused to pay her taxes, on the ground that, as a woman, she is debarred from all participation in governmental affairs. She takes her stand upon the American doctrine, that taxation without representation is unjust. The collector has laid an attachment upon some articles of household furniture, which will be sold at public auction a few days hence. She intends calling a meeting of the people of Orange in order to expose the injustice of taxing women and yet denying them the right of an equal voice with men in determining the action of the government.

Littell's Living Age, No. 712, opens with a sketch (from the *British Quarterly*) of Andrew Crosse, the Electrician. It also contains Dickens's Christmas story and a variety of short articles. 321 Broadway.

The New Jersey Legislature convened on Tuesday. Resolutions were promptly introduced instructing the Congressional delegation of the State to vote against the Lecompton swindle. They were made the order of the day for Thursday.

Summary.

"What are you doing?" queried a gentleman, addressing himself to a dilapidated urchin, who was circulating promiscuously through a crowd of politicians, holding out his hand. "Nothin'," was the reply, "only tryin' to take the cents of the meetin'." Sense in that answer.

Hiring in Alexandria.—The *Gazette* says: There has been a reduction in the hire of servants of about 8 per cent. Young men and boys ranged from $70 to $100. Some choice servant men at $125. Women at $40 to $75—good cooks $60 to $75. Girls and boys $25 to $40.—*The South.*

Negro Hiring.—The Fredricksburg *Recorder* notes a remarkable falling off in the prices of hire, ranging from fifty to seventy-five per cent. less than those obtained last year. At a public hiring, it says, a few days since, negro men brought only from three to eight dollars a month.—*The South.*

The Nigger in the Fence.—The Vicksburg *Southron* says: As some explanation of the unexpected change in the action of Mr. Douglas, we may state that several months since the Illinois Senator disposed of his estate in Mississippi, and, having no longer any tangible interest in the "peculiar institution," we presume he thought the occasion a good one to conciliate the Free Soil fanatics of the North and North-West.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says that Dr. Mackay was lately called upon by an inventor with the model of a life-boat, and offered a hundred dollars if he would write a song about it. The Doctor acknowledging the liberal tender, declining the job, the applicant added a fifty by way of a higher bid, and, finding this did not inspire the muse, asked the poet if he thought Longfellow would undertake the commission at that price?

Rather!—John Van Buren made a thrilling speech at the great Democratic meeting at Tammany Hall on the 23d ult., in support of the President's position on the Kansas question. He was severe in his censure of the disorganizing course of Senator Douglas. It sounds strange to hear John Van Buren rebuking Stephen A. Douglas for faithlessness to the Democratic platform, and defending the rights of the South against him.—*Mobile Register.*

Runaway Negroes Killing two Men.—A letter from Platin Rock, Mo., says: "Three tall, likely young negroes, supposed to be runaways, in company with an Irishman, crossed the river one mile below Selma; all had good horses and new saddle-bags. They landed on Amos Ruble's farm upon the opposite side of the river, and several men started in pursuit—among them Amos Ruble and J. H. Lilly. Mr. R. was shot through the side, and it is thought he cannot recover. They also killed a looker-on by the name of William Taylor. They shot at Mr. Lilly, but did not hit him. He had a double-barrelled shot-gun that he borrowed from a man by the name of Kubtz, who was supposed to be implicated, as the gun had no shot in it."

Coloured Persons in the Cars.—John W. Hunter, coloured, residing at No. 52 Wall street, while on his way home from Seventeenth street, with his wife and a friend, on Sunday evening last, hailed a Sixth avenue car passing down at the corner of Sixteenth street. The car stopped, his wife and friend entered. The conductor, having first assaulted his friend, turned to Hunter and ordered him off the car; and while Hunter remonstrated, the conductor suddenly pushed him with great force, so that he nearly fell off. In self-defence against this unexpected assault, he struck the conductor, for which he was arrested and held to bail by Justice Kelly at Jefferson Market Police Court. The Justice refused to entertain a complaint from Hunter for the assault by the conductor.—*Tribune*, 9th.

We publish on another page a letter from Gen. Wm. Walker to Mr. Buchanan, calling on that functionary to repair the wrong done by Commodore Paulding in forcing Walker and his fellows "to become exiles from Nicaragua." This letter is a high-flown document, which, considering the antecedents of its author, must be regarded as comical rather than otherwise. Very modestly, the President of Nicaragua does not indicate to the President of the United States how Paulding should be punished and Walker indemnified; but he gives notice that, whatever may be done to prevent them, the fillibusters will continue to "fight for the rights of our race, which have been denied to us by an ungrateful and degraded aristocracy." What that means is not clear.—*Tribune.*

Brighter Prospects.—Horace Greeley, who is on a lecturing tour at the West, writes thus to *The Tribune:*

"The Times are clearly improving. There has been a change for the better ever since I came West, some ten or twelve days ago. Rates of exchange are falling. Banks that were in difficulties are resuming. Shinplaster and Wild-cat currency is very generally scouted and is returning "to plague the inventors." Produce is coming forward more freely, and is growing firmer in price. There is very much wheat still unthreshed and corn unhusked, awaiting better prices. I believe more beef will be fattened in the West this winter than ever before. On the whole, it seems clear that the worst is over, and that better days are at hand."

Sale of Negroes.—A sale of free negroes took place lately in front of the Court House in Charlestown. One woman, very old, sold for $3; another old woman sold for $90; another woman, aged 33 years, sold for $636; another woman, 40 or 50 years of age, sold for $231. These negroes were sold by order of the Court for remaining in the State contrary to law. On Monday last, negroes belonging to the estate of John W. Moore, were sold at prices ranging from $300 to upwards of $700, according to age and sex. Also, a lot belonging to the estate of John M. McFarland sold at good prices considering the money pressure. One man sold for $1,050.—*The South, Jan. 5.*

"There, now!" cried a little niece of ours, while rummaging a drawyer in a bureau, "there now! Gran'pa has gone to heaven without his spectacles. What *will* he do?" And, shortly afterward, when another aged relative was supposed to be sick unto death in the house, she came running to his bedside, with the glasses in her hand, and an errand on her lips:

"You gone to die?"

"They tell me so."

"Goin' to heaven?"

"I hope so."

"Well, here are Gran'pa's spectacles. Won't you take them to him?"—*Boston Congregationalist.*

Dancing.—The Alabama Methodist Protestant Annual Conference has adopted the following resolution:

"That any parents or guardians belonging to our church, who shall patronize that school of sin, the dancing school, by sending their children or wards, shall be subject to trial and reproof, suspension or expulsion, as the case may demand."

If this Conference should resolve to suspend or expel all members of their church who dishonour the cause of Christ by refusing to obey his command, "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," it might be considered an *incendiary* doctrine. Persons unacquainted with the circumstances might suppose that dancing is a more heinous offence than slaveholding.

Renewing the Slave Trade.—By a private letter received in this city from Loango Coast of Africa, dated September 23, 1857, we are advised that the French have practically engaged in the slave trade, under the name of apprentices, and that a ship, the Clara, of Bordeaux, was at Loango at the date mentioned above, loading with negroes for Martinique. A French war steamer lay alongside to protect her from the English cruisers, who would have seized her but that she had a French naval officer on board with orders to the French Commodore to protect her. The English are also using negroes as slaves at Sierra Leone. The French and English governments are participating in the trade which they affect to deem so hideous. A barracoon has been built by the French at Loango to be used for the safe-keeping of the slaves until they are ready for shipment. There is no secret in this business, and no disguise is attempted.—*Wash Union, Jan. 6.*

Reforms among the Jews of New York.—A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* mentions the following recent modifications in the religious observances of our New York City Jews, who number we believe, not far from 30,000.

"The old style of singing in one or more of the up-town synagogues has given place to a modern choir, with organ and all the accompaniments. This has been done in the face of the most virulent opposition from the staid old Jews, and to the infinite disgust of all who ask for the old paths. But the innovation does not end with the organ and the choir. The question of the day of worship has on many occasions agitated the Hebrews. Some are uncharitable enough to say that the Jews cannot afford to lose two days in the week; and as Saturday, their Sabbath, is one of the best days of the week for trade, and Sunday, our Sabbath, is one of the worst, it is proposed to adopt the Sunday of Christians. And this latter plan has already been put into practical use by the Rev. Dr. Raphall, who on Sunday last preached on the death of the late Judah Touro. Touro is the Girard of the Jews, and at the time of his death he distributed his immense wealth among the Hebrews in America, and an annual service is held in commemoration of his beneficence."

Queries Answered.—The following extracts from the Constitution and general rules of the "United Brethren in Christ," are published by an exchange in answer to the question "What are some of their chief characteristics?"

"All slavery, in every sense of the word, is prohibited. Should any be found in our Church who hold slaves, they c

Miscellaneous Department.

THE LITTLE ABOLITIONIST.

By the Author of "The Autobiography of a Female Slave."

[*Written for the National Anti-Slavery Standard.*]

CHAPTER X.

The next day the house was thrown into an agreeable confusion by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Berker and daughters from Louisiana. They were delightedly received. Now, Mrs. Berker was the very incarnation of pride and prejudice—so haughty that she despised the ground upon which she trod. Hers was one of those still, pale faces, cold as a northern iceberg. You could not believe that the sun would shine into such a face; the eyes were blue and spiritless. Yet Mrs. Berker had been a belle and was still called a beauty. All the haughtiness of the family seemed to have cropped out in her. She had been regarded by them as a superior personage, one to whom tribute should be paid. As a natural right she received and exacted admiration. Cold and selfish, she was yet worshipped by all. The marriage with Mr. Berker had been a purely mercenary one. His sugar plantation, with its six hundred negroes, its stately mansion and beautiful grounds, had dazzled her ambitious eye, and so her hand was given to a man for whom she had scarcely an ordinary respect; for, with all her coldness, Mrs. Berker was a woman of fine and cultivated taste. Loving the outward beautiful, she could not be other than displeased with her husband, who was only a broad, genial, good-natured Southerner—idling his hours away upon the verandah, reading the newspapers of morning and dozing the afternoon through. He was rigid and strict in the plantation regulations, always employing the severest overseers and requiring from them a close and strict report of duty. Business aside, he was a merry joker; a hospitable and genial host, at whose table the richest wines and best viands were always found; but the coarseness of an originally vulgar nature glanced out almost at every sentence. This was particularly revolting to Mrs. Berker, who would, if possible, "gild refined gold."

Maggie Berker, a short, fat girl of sixteen, was very like her father in appearance and disposition, frank, honest and full of fun. Sunny and bright in temper as the beautiful clime which gave her birth, there were bright points of character that challenged admiration with every look. As she bounded and sported before us, we thought of the flowers and pomegranates of her native South—when, on a sudden, a sharp word would flash forth bitter and biting as a serpent's tooth.

Mary was still, proud and unsympathetic as her mother, and possessed of a most marvellous beauty. A pure, dead-white complexion, white and bloodless as unsunned snow—large, dreamy, blue eyes, that opened heavily, slowly, as if they dreaded to encounter some unpleasant sight, while the long, curling lashes swept the polished cheek with a graceful shadow. A cloud of raven ringlets brushed and floated over the unrivalled whiteness of her neck and shoulders. These sisters were the only children, the inheritors of their father's princely wealth, and of course "sister Catherine's children" were great pets in the family, allowed to do whatever they pleased, to rush with with a heavy foot over everything and every one. Miss Maggie drove the horses four in hand, and crushed pleasure out of every moment. It was amusing to see her running about over the house, playing pranks upon every one she met.

"Now, cousin Clara, don't look stiffy—that's just like ma and Mary. I'm so tired of sitting up straight and playing lady. I can do as I please, ma says, for a little while; I don't come out until next season. Where *is* the swing and the skipping-rope?" and away she fled in search of them before taking off her bonnet or pelisse.

Mrs. Berker looked after her with a smile—

"Poor Maggie, she will never be other than a child."

Mary sat up quietly and demurely as a woman of thirty.

"And how is Sally?" inquired Mrs. Berker.

"I am afraid she is failing fast. She looks very pale and thin," replied Mrs. Manners.

"I think, aunt Catherine, that general *weakness* is all her complaint," put in the sneering Clara.

"Why, dear!" exclaimed the mamma, well-pleased with this essay of her daughter's.

Mammy had carefully put Sally to bed and sat watching beside her, when Mrs. Manners sent up to know if Sally felt well enough to see her aunt Berker.

"Now," said mammy, "dear chile, you must look yer prettiest when Miss Catherine comes, kase you know she's orful proud and thinks nobody's pretty as her children. Umph! I wonder if she thinks *her* Maggie 'll compare long wid you? I doesn't even think that pale-faced Miss Mary is as pretty as you. Why, psha! that girl haint no life in her; jist sits up like a doll, and ain't no more count. But here, honey, let me smooth your hair and put on this pretty lace cap. Laws, now, you jist looks like angel," and she arranged the bed-covering, placed a bouquet near, and went about setting things in order generally.

Sally smiled at her mammy's pride and interest, and her eyes moved anxiously after her as she busied herself about the room.

Mrs. Berker was coldly *kind* to her niece, even condescended to kiss her, which was a good deal for the ice-queen. Maggie was demonstrative in her greeting, Mary was cold and collected as her mother. Sally talked to them, but felt all the time that there existed no tie of sympathy between them.

"Oh, cousin Sally, I'm sorry you are so sick, for I expected you and I would have so much fun. I want somebody to run and romp with me. I hate to be prim and precise. Down on the plantation I cut up like a boy, and nobody dares interfere; but when mamma takes me up to the city, I have to behave myself and play lady. I hate it so. Hetty curls my hair, and worries me half to death with her fixing and fixing, and, after all, I am nothing but ugly Maggie Berker."

Sally was pleased with this—pleased to find her cousin unspoiled—so free and natural.

These girls, though they were sixteen and fourteen years of age, had never so much as undressed themselves; they had a servant to do everything; were utterly helpless. Hetty, the maid, did all for them; kept their clothes in order; washed and dressed them as if they had been babies. They would cry out, "Hetty, where are my gloves?" "Hetty, where is my bonnet?" and the girl was required to know where the missing articles were under penalty of punishment. And the effect of this told very unhappily upon their natures. They were careless, indifferent to themselves; proud, insolent and overbearing to servants.

One day, when Maggie cried out, "Hetty, get me those blue gloves or I'll knock you over," Sally ventured to say, "Dear, wouldn't it be more polite to say, Hetty, please get my gloves?"

"*Please*, to a servant, cousin Sally!!!"

"Why not, dear?"

"It would be so funny, Het wouldn't know how to answer."

"Please to a nigger," said Mary; "that would be capital order! Treat Hetty in that way, and she'd soon begin to think it was a favour rather than a duty she was bestowing."

"Well, isn't it a favour, dear?"

"Why, cousin Sally, you must be crazy to call the service of our slaves *favours*."

Sally talked to them a long time, but could make no impression upon their minds; and, when they repeated the conversation to their mother, she merely said,

"My dears, Sally's mind is much weakened by sickness. She is not accountable for what she says."

CHAPTER XI.

As Sally began to gain strength, they concluded to start upon their contemplated trip to Mrs. Oxford's splendid country seat, about fifteen miles from our village.

Mrs. Oxford was the Emily Morton whom we saw at the commencement of this story. She was now a wife and mother, and mistress of one of the finest establishments in the State. Her husband, a retired gentleman of fortune, devoted his waste and leisure time to the study of scientific agriculture. He had the finest specimen stock—the best cultivated lands—and more of our boasted blue grass than any other farmer. Upon a small farm of three hundred acres, he employed one hundred negroes—who were, of course, half their time without work. But both Mr. and Mrs. Oxford rejoiced in having a number of slaves round them—a sort of baronial feeling. Besides, Mrs. Oxford was much like her nieces, the Misses Berker, and had from her childhood required a close and attentive body-servant, who kept her wardrobe in order, carried her keys, &c., &c. The habits of her childhood seemed to increase with her years, so that at thirty-four she was as helpless as at twelve. She did nothing but lounge about the house, read novels and play with her children.

Now, as she came forward, accompanied by her favourite sister—Mrs. Goodwin—to meet and welcome her friends, we find but little change in her. She is still as air and lovely; no trace of care or thought is on that face—it is as bright and sunny as when we first saw it—though "begirt by glowing infancy, and little buzzy voices breathe out 'mother' at almost every turn in the house."

"Dear sister Catherine," "My noble Clara," "My pretty Mary," "Sweet Maggie," "dear sister Manners," winding up with "how do you do, Sally?" were Mrs. Oxford's greetings.

This quite insulted mammy, who thought that her dear invalid child should have had a warmer reception. She flounced about a good deal, muttering to herself, that "Miss Emily allers was so stiff and cross like, nobody ever loved her. She wan't bit pretty, with them ar eyes lookin' like poor milk, and sich whiteish hair."

There could have been no deeper insult to her than coldness to her child.

Sally was able to be a great deal in the parlour, and, as she listened to her aunt's and cousins' talk, she was greatly disgusted and horrified to hear them telling of the cruelty practised on the plantation. Maggie spoke with the utmost indifference of the number of negroes that was killed during the busy sugar season by overwork. Mrs. Berker told, with the utmost sang froid, of the prompt manner in which they shot down negro men who were suspected of having part in a supposed insurrection. As may be imagined, this operated painfully upon Sally's heart. Her sensitive, nervous temperament almost sank under it. But to Mrs. Oxford and Mrs. Goodwin, both of whom believed in the iron rule, and thought a negro no better than swine, this prompt and rigid discipline, as they termed it, was elegant. Sally resolved to absent herself from the parlour, where she heard such cruel talk, and used to—accompanied by mammy and sometimes by Maggie—wander over the beautiful farm, go down to the quarter and talk to the slaves. Once, when she had Maggie with her, they stopped at a little cabin, in front of which a woman was sitting engaged at her little spinning wheel, and singing very sweetly, one of those wild, Ethiopian ballads.

When they stopped, she got up and politely offered them stools. As Sally was weak and tired, she readily consented, but Maggie ran on, impatient of fun, saying, "I'll be back after awhile, cousin Sally."

"Is yer much sick, young miss?" asked the woman of Sally.

"Yes, I feel quite weak; any little exertion brings on my cough; and sometimes I spit blood."

"Oh, pity! does ever try slippery elm tea?"

"No, I have never."

"Would you let me make you a little?"

"Certainly, if you can spare the time."

"Oh, yes, ma'am; I'm most through my task, an' I'd like to make it fur you; yer 'pears so weak like."

She went into the cabin and soon returned with a cup of the tea, which she hoped would "cure young missis's cough."

Sally tried it, and praised it very much.

"But you look weak and thin; are you sick?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I'se allers sick. I'se had the breast-complaint all my life."

"What do you take?"

"A little of the tea sometimes; but it is no matter," and the woman choked down a sigh, which was not unperceived by Sally.

"What is your name?"

"Lucinda, ma'am."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Does your husband live here?"

"No, ma'am; he was sold, about two years ago, down de river; I haven't hearn from him since." She did not sigh nor shed a tear, but looked stony, deathly calm.

"Have you children?"

"Two."

"Where are they?"

"My eldest, Sam, is in the field at work. Jimmy, poor Jimmy, is playing somewhere."

"How old is Jimmy?"

"Four years, ma'am," and she sighed profoundly.

Just then a bright mulatto boy, with large eyes and neatly dressed, came crawling up to the woman's side. She put out her hand and, looking fondly down, murmured, "poor Jimmy!"

He whined strangely.

"Can't he walk?" asked Sally.

"No, ma'am."

"And four years old?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The boy pulled at his mother's sleeve and cried out in a strange howl. She took a crust from her pocket, which appeared to satisfy him. He laid down close to her feet and began to whine piteously. As he rolled back and forward, Sally had a chance of seeing his face closely, and she became aware of his painful condition. The mother read it, and bowing her head, said,

"Yes, ma'am, he is not right."

"Was he always thus?"

"No, ma'am; until he was eighteen months old he was as bright a child as I ever saw. A pretty little fellow, too; played so pretty, and noticed everything." She wiped a single tear from her eye.

"What was the cause?"

"Oh, ma'am; oh, oh," and the woman's frame quivered violently; the wheel stopped and Lucinda gave up to the luxury of a passionate burst of tears.

"Don't speak of it, if it grieves you," added Sally.

"Yes, ma'am, I wants to speak presently; it will do me good."

After a few moments silence, she began:

"When Jimmy was 'bout eighteen months old, he use to be allers crawlin' and playin' 'bout de yard; he was a nice little fellow, allers chirpin' like a bird. Once he crawled up to the house; was a playin' on the steps, where he found one of the big wax dolls that belonged to Miss Emily's oldest darter, Eliza. Well, you see my baby didn't know no better, he went to playin' long with it, let it fall and broke it; so Miss Eliza came long an' saw it. She picked my child up, and—and—and flung him down them high steps. I was coming 'long and saw it. My God! I picked him up for dead; better he had been. I don't know nothing else that happened for a long time after; but my child had fevers for weeks; and now you see him with no use of his limbs, and no sense in his head. He is hardly ever well; can't talk to me. Yet, he is all my life now, poor boy!"

Here the boy looked with that expressionless face at his mother; and, putting up his scrawny little hands, that looked like claws, began to wipe the tears from her eyes.

Sally had no words of comfort for sorrow such as this; but felt the steel going into her blood, and sharpening it against her own race. She asked her, in a husky voice,

"What did aunt Emily do? what did she say to Eliza?"

"Oh, she was sorry for it; but said Miss Eliza didn't mean to hurt him so bad. But, miss, the harm was done."

When Sally returned to the house, she felt a terrible oppression at her heart. The family thought she never looked better; her eyes were bright and her colour very rich. But Sally had symptoms which she too well understood. She knew that the damps which gathered on her brow, and the rushing blood that went splashing up to her face was too rapid for the natural course of health. And so that night, at twelve o'clock, when she woke mammy, with a low, husky call, she knew that death was coming. And the affrighted family read in her altered face the early doom.

"Oh, mammy," she murmured, when alone with that dearest friend, "if I could be spared only a little longer, that I might see justice done to you; that I might save a few of you from the torture of slavery."

"Never mind 'bout us, dear child; my ole heart is more troubled 'bout givin' you up then it is 'bout bein' a slave. I'd rather sarve out all my poor days than see your last hours made unhappy. If I jist could die long wid yer, for my last friend goes wid you," and the old woman wept bitterly.

Sally held her hand out to her; it was covered with kisses and tears.

The doctor came almost hourly, but pronounced her gone beyond all power of recovery.

"She is unwilling to die," said Mrs. Manners.

"That is natural," answered the doctor, but I think she is fully aware of her condition.

As he was leaving, aunt Betty stole up and asked, in a hurried, husky tone,

"Doctor, is there any hope?"

"None, old aunty."

"How long will she last, doctor?"

"Only a few days."

The negro woman sank down upon the ground, and gave a groan that seemed to tear up the earth; to shatter and annihilate herself, her very life, reason and consciousness.

Only a few moments did she lay in that death-like, trancing swoon, when she rose up a different creature. The face was hard as if cut out of iron; all softness, all love were gone; only the hard, rugged out-line of feature left.

"What is the matter, mammy?" asked Sally, when she returned to the room.

"Nothing, baby." She had returned to the old habit of calling her baby.

"Give me my writing-desk, mammy? There, now, put your arms round me; let me lean against your breast, dear mammy, while I write the last, last words that these pale fingers will ever trace; there, now, that is very comfortable."

And so, supported by her old coloured mammy, held in those true, loving arms, Sally wrote a letter to her uncle. It was touching to see this old woman crushing down her tears, and trying to appear calm in the presence of her child.

"There, now, mammy, let me read you what I have written to uncle Manners." And Sally read in a low, slow voice:

"Dear Uncle: You will not forget my last request to you. You will try to gratify me when I ask that you will give to my poor people the liberty which they so well deserve, and which, had I lived long enough, should have been secured to them. Poor mammy has been faithful, a very mother to me; let me make what poor return I can for such kindness. Uncle, do this, and death will have no sting for me, and so I shall in dying bless you. Sally Morton."

"I am too weak to write more, mammy; but I hope all will be well with you."

Sally sealed the letter, and sank back exhausted upon her mammy's breast. What a grateful shower of tears rained down upon that sick girl's brow! Putting her arm round her mammy's neck, she drew the face close to her, and, as in her childhood, Sally kissed the lips of the coloured woman, without one thought of caste or race, and soon after fell softly and sweetly to sleep.

When the doctor came, he noted, with a practiced eye, that mysterious change which takes place in an hour, almost in a few moments, and, as he turned to Mrs. Manners, said, "'Twill soon be over."

Sally moved uneasily, and, opening her eyes, asked for Mr. Manners.

"Dear uncle, I am almost gone; here is a letter which I wish you to read after my death. And, oh! I charge you, do as I there beg you. Give my poor people their freedom. Make my good mammy happy, or as near so as possible. Will you promise this, uncle?"

He did promise her, in the most fervent manner, to do as she wished; promised her in the presence of the assembled family. Then, taking kindly leave of each member, she called for mammy to come close to her.

"Dear mammy, as a baby, I played and nestled on your bosom; now let me die there." And so Sally closed her eyes in that sweetest of sleeps upon the old nurse's breast!

The family were distressed; but Sally made only a small gap in their social world—'twas but a moment's regret—the waters opened but to close again, and flash more brightly with star-beam and sunlight!

Quietly they laid her away in the cemetery of her fathers. Sweetly and lovingly her grave nestled down beside her mother's. There was a pompous and showy funeral. An ornate and brilliant sermon was preached by a minister of the regular church. The family and friends "wore black." And so poor Sally passed from their very memories. But the slaves—whom she loved and pitied—sorrowed over her. Mammy's heart was utterly broken; even the hope of freedom failed to animate her. How bitter and agonizing was her face, as she listened to the solemn reading of the funeral service at the grave! And when the last person, even the sexton, had left, she sank down beside that new-made grave, and wept like Rachel of old; her last child was gone and she refused all comfort. Across that moist mound she flung herself, and seemed to ask the very clods for mercy!

Then came Lucinda, with her idiot boy on her breast. Her eyes were damp, and her arms were locked sadly around her boy.

"Poor young miss," she muttered, "she was so soft and sweet; and said such kind words to me."

Joe, too, was calmed down, and weepingly breathed out her highest eulogy.

"Miss Sally has gone to heaven; she was too good for this world."

Mr. Manners kept his niece's letter for months, and often read it. But, then, when he talked with the family, they decided that Sally was too young, too impulsive to decide such a matter. And the dictate seemed to be that good homes and good masters should be found for the slaves whom Sally so loved.

"Yes, it is wise and best," exclaimed Mr. Manners, as he crushed the letter in his hand, "it is better, and this poor, pitiful note, which was, I dare say, written at old Betty's request, had better be burnt." But he looked strangely, distrustfully at it as it flickered and blazed up in the grate. Like a fiery and forked tongue it seemed to hiss a rebuke and a curse against his treachery.

And aunt Betty—shall we tell the truth, and say that she was sold "down the river?" She went with the chain-gang to the dreary rice fields of the South.

The evening before leaving, she went to that grave to say farewell to the only spots on earth that she held sacred, and there breathed out a wail, so touching and bitter, that it would have broken any heart but that which slavery had hardened.

The good, worthy and law-abiding Morton family still bless God that they are not as other people; that their slaves are "happy" around them; their family prosperous, and the world gliding smoothly in its old, oily grooves. Should you chance to mention Sally to them, they shake their heads ominously and mutter: "A pity, a great pity; but she was only a weak, foolish '*Little Abolitionist.*'"

THE END.

THE BEST MAN.

Passing, the other evening, along a street which offered a short cut to the spot we wished to reach, we happened to look up a narrow court, and saw a fight. There was probably nothing remarkable in the mere fact of a fight occurring in that spot. Indeed, the calm indifference with which a majority of the bystanders looked on conveyed the idea that fights were rather the rule than the exception there. We ventured to inquire of a bystander what it was all about.

The individual whom we addressed (apparently connected with the costermongering interest) seemed surprised at our question. On our repeating it, he informed us—smiling at our simplicity—that there was no quarrel in the business at all; but, the combatants were, and had ever been, the best of friends. The present contest was simply to decide the question as to which of the two was the best man.

We have already confessed our ignorance of pugilistic technicalities, and therefore do not mind running the risk of being laughed at by admitting that this explanation seemed a strange one. The term "best," try it whatever way we would, could not be brought to suggest to our mind any other meaning than the superlative of "good," and how the greater or lesser goodness of two men could be decided thus, by fisticuffs, we were not able to conceive. The stronger man we thought might be thus proved, or the more ruffianly man, but how "the best"?

"How preposterously illogical!" we exclaimed, turning disgusted from the scene. "The idea of making knock-down blows a test of excellence! Judging of man's virtues or goodness by the power with which they use their fists! Well may we talk of the necessity of education."

Can there be anything more absurd? Yes, when my Lord This, and the Right Honourable Captain That, get up a fight between themselves, simply to decide which is the better man. For what is it when my lord seeks to prove his honour by discharging pistols at the gallant captain—what is it when the gallant captain endeavours to convince the world of his integrity by blowing out his lordship's brains, but a fight to prove which is the better man? The gentleman is no less logical in his proceeding than the costermonger; the only difference being, that the gentleman's tribunal is sometimes a more dangerous one to appeal to than the costermonger's.

A pistol-bullet through the head of him who has traduced your moral character; at any rate, it silences him on the subject for the future. So, in like manner, if the injured party falls, you may be sure all recollection of the injury is completely blotted out from his mind. But a sound thrashing settles a disputed point of rival excellence almost as finally. The costermonger who is hopelessly defeated grants the superior merit of his adversary, and ever afterwards acknowledges him as the better man.

True it is that the victorious pugilist may be a brutal husband, a more brutal father; a drunkard, a blasphemer, bad as a citizen, bad as a man—but he has gained the fight! His adversary may be his opposite in everything; and, until now, may have been thought a pattern to his neighbours; but then he got his head broken. No one denies his virtues; but the other is the better man. And so the slanderer, the betrayer, the seducer, has managed by superior skill to shoot the man he has wronged. Well, he has given satisfaction. His honour is secured. He is the better man.

So lately as until the beginning of this very nineteenth century of ours, it was the law that questions affecting men's character or property might be decided by hard blows. Before the passing of the Act, Fifty-ninth of George the Third, chapter forty-six, in the year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and nineteen, was it not written in the statute-book of England that any man might prove his innocence of crimes alleged against him, might establish his right to a disputed property, by fighting his accuser in the criminal, or his opponent in a civil action?—in other words, proving him (the accused or sued) the "better man." Yes; even within the lifetime of the present generation, Trial by Battle, as the legal mode of testing a man's character or probity by fighting was denominated, remained a portion of the English law.

In the year eighteen hundred and eighteen—as we mentioned in a recent article on Duelling—Abraham Thornton, charged with the murder of a young lady named Mary Ashford, astonished everybody, and somewhat puzzled his judges by refusing to submit his case to be tried by a jury, and by availing himself of the long-since disused, and almost forgotten law which allowed him, instead, to summon his accuser to a wager of battle, or trial by single combat. In vain his right to do so was questioned by the adverse counsel on the plea that the law of trial by battle was obsolete, not having been employed for some two centuries. The Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough at once decided that as the act had never been repealed, it still formed part of the law of the land. So, Thornton being a powerful athletic fellow, and his accuser—who was, by the bye, the brother of the murdered girl—a weak stripling not more than twenty years of age, the latter declined the proffered combat, and the suspected murderer was set at liberty; a result which, judging from the reported circumstances of the case, and the evidence against him, would hardly have been probable but for his opportune digging up of this long-forgotten law.

The unexpected termination of this trial led to the bringing into parliament, the following year, of a bill "to abolish all appeals of murder, treason, felony, or other offences, and wager of battle, or joining issue, and trial by battle in writs of right."

The wager of battle, like the old ordeals of fire, water, touching the murdered body, and other extraordinary and now obsolete modes of finding out the better or worse man, of course originated in the superstitious belief that Providence would in all cases give the victory to him who had the right upon his side; yet, in spite of this belief, we find some rather singular regulations provided to guard against the battle going too obviously wrong. Such, for instance, as that a party detected in the very commission of the act alleged against him, or under circumstances that left no possible doubt of his guilt, could not claim the right of trial by combat. It would have been so very awkward if he had been victor after all.

One important difference, however, existed in the conduct of the civil and criminal cases. In criminal matters, the accuser and accused met on the field, and fought it out in person; in civil suits the parties fought by proxy. Each employed a sort of physical force barrister. The reason for this, as given by Judge Blackstone, is, that if any party to the suit dies, the suit must abate, and be at an end for the present; and therefore, no judgment could be given for the lands in question, if either of the parties were slain in battle. Another reason was, that no person should be allowed to claim exemption from this mode of trial in a criminal charge, was deprived of his choice of trial, and compelled to submit the inquiry to a jury. The fact of the accuser being a female, or under age, or above the age of sixty, or in holy orders, as a peer of the realm, or any one expressly privileged from the trial by battle, by some charter of the king (as were the citizens of London amongst others), or labouring under some material personal defect, as blindness or loss of a limb; any of these were sufficient ground for refusing the wager of battle.

A brief account of the solemnities observed on the occasion of judicial duels may prove interesting. In a civil trial of a writ of right—by which it was sought to obtain possession of lands or tenements, in the occupation of another—the tenant pleaded the general issue, that is to say, that he had more right to hold than the demandant had to recover, and offered to prove it by the body of his champion. This offer was accepted, the champion was produced, who, throwing down his glove as a gage or pledge, waged or stipulated battle with the champion of opposing party. The latter accepted the challenge by picking up the glove.

A piece of ground, sixty feet square, was set out, enclosed with lists, with seats erected for the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, who presided at these trials in their full scarlet robes; and a bar was prepared for the learned serjeants-at-law. As soon as the Court had assembled, at sun-rising, proclamation was made for the parties and their champions. These were introduced by two knights, and dressed in coats of armour, with red sandals, bare-legged from the knee downwards, bare-headed, and with bare arms to the elbows. The weapons they were furnished with, though formidable, were not deadly. Indeed a fatal termination to these civil combats was rarely if ever known. They were armed only with batons, or staves of an ell long, and each carried a four-cornered leathern shield.

On their arrival in the list, the champion of the tenant took his adversary by the hand, and made oath that the tenements in dispute were not the property of the demandant; the champion of the claimant, in precisely the same form, swore in answer that they were. Next, both champions took an oath that they had not made use of any sorcery or enchantment to assist them in the fight. The usual form of this was as follows: "Hear this, ye justices, that I have this day neither eat nor drank, nor have upon me neither bones, stones, nor grass (!), nor any enchantment, sorcery, nor witchcraft, whereby the law of God may be abased, or the law of the devil may be exalted. So help me God and his Saints."

Then the fight commenced, and they were bound to fight the whole day through, until the stars appeared, or until one was beaten. If the victory could be achieved either by the death of a champion (a very rare occurrence), or by either proving recreant; that is by yielding, and pronouncing the horrible word Craven; a word of no absolute meaning; "but," says Blackstone, "a horrible word indeed to the vanquished champion, since as a punishment to him for forfeiting the lands of his principal by pronouncing that shameful word, he is deemed as a recreant amittere liberam legem, that is to become infamous being supposed by the event to be foresworn; and therefore, never to be put upon a jury or admitted as a witness in any cause!"

The proceedings in criminal cases were very similar to the above, only the oaths of the two combatants were much more striking and solemn. Blackstone gives the following as the form; the accused party holding the bible in his right hand, and his antagonist's in the other, said:

"Hear this, oh, man! whom I hold by the hand, who callest thyself John by the name of baptism, that I, who call myself Thomas by the name of baptism, did not feloniously murder thy father, William, by name, nor am any way guilty of the said felony, so help me God and the Saints, and this I will defend against thee by my body as this court shall award."

The accuser answered in the same form, making oath to his antagonist that he was perjured, which he will defend with his body, &c., as before. The same weapons were employed, and the same oaths, against amulets and sorcery as in the civil combat. If the accused party yielded, he was ordered to be hanged immediately; but, if he could vanquish his opponent, or maintain his ground from sunrise to starlight, he was acquitted. The same penalties of infamy and loss of citizenship awaited the accuser if he yielded, as fell to the lot of the recreant champion; in addition to which, the victor could recover damages for the false accusation.

Such were the laws which regulated the old institution of the wager of battle. But all these things have passed away, and it is left now for poor unlettered roughs assembled at street corners, or disputing in their tap-rooms, and for duellists, to fight by way of proving the best man. Yet not entirely, either. When a despotic sovereign bent on self-aggrandizement lays claim to territories not his own: when other nations interfere, and tell him he has no right to back his claims, and when at last the question is put to the dread arbitrament of war. What is this, after all, but a gigantic fight to prove the better man?—*Household Words.*

THE DOUBTER'S PRAYER.

BY ANNE BRONTE.

Eternal Power, of earth and air!
Unseen, yet seen in all around,
Remote, but dwelling everywhere,
Though silent, heard in every sound.

If e'er Thine ear in mercy bent
When wretched mortals cried to Thee;
And if, indeed, Thy Son was sent
To save lost sinners such as me;

Then hear me now while, kneeling here,
I lift to Thee my heart and eye,
And all my soul ascends in prayer,
Oh *give me—give me faith!* I cry.

Without some glimmering in my heart
I could not raise this fervent prayer;
But, oh! a stronger light impart,
And in Thy mercy fix it there.

While Faith is with me, I am blest;
It turns my darkest night to day;
But while I clasp it to my breast
I often feel it slide away.

Then, cold and dark, my spirit sinks,
To see my light of life depart;
And every friend of hell, methinks,
Enjoys the anguish of my heart.

What shall I do, if all my love,
My hopes, my toil, are cast away,
And if there be no God above
To hear and bless me when I pray?

If this be vain delusion all,
If death be an eternal sleep,
And none can hear my secret call,
Or see the silent tears I weep?

Oh, help me, God! for Thou alone
Canst my distracted soul relieve;
Forsake it not; it is Thine own,
Though weak, yet longing to believe.

Oh, drive these cruel doubts away,
And make me know that thou art God!
A faith that shines by night and day
Will lighten every earthly load.

If I believe that Jesus died,
And, waking, rose to reign above,
Then surely sorrow, sin, and pride,
Must yield to peace, and hope, and love.

And all the blessed words He said
Will strength and holy joy impart;
A shield of safety o'er my head,
A spring of comfort in my heart.

BUNKER HILL IN 1775 *AND BUNKER HILL IN* 1857.

BY WM. R. ALGER.

From The Liberty Bell.

On the 17th of June, 1775, towards sunset, the dead body of Joseph Warren was lying on the crimsoned slopes of Bunker Hill. His discomfited but resolute countrymen had slowly retreated from a defeat which was a victory. The smoke of smouldering Charlestown rose around. There lay the young hero and martyr, in the splendour of his genius, the pride of his beauty, and the fragrance of his fame.

England had passed certain unwarrantable enactments, not at all affecting the personal liberty of the American people, but subversive of some of their legal rights and pecuniary interests. Warren, keenly alive to the moral and poetic sentiment of patriotism, unable to tolerate anything that looked like oppression, spurning the thought of fear, was among the very first to protest and to rouse his fellow-citizens to resistance. And when the crisis came, when power resolved to enforce wrong, he flew to the post of peril to make his bold words good by bolder deeds. Lingering, lion-like, in the rear of the withdrawing troops, a murderous ball pierced him. And here now he lay in death, the costliest offering the land could place upon the altar of Freedom. While the tragic tidings went forth, as nightfall drew on, the sympathetic genius of his country wept over him with the descending dew.

On the seventeenth of June, 1854, as the sun was flagging towards the west, a great multitude were inaugurating a marble statue of Joseph Warren, on Bunker Hill. Profound as the contrast between the spectacle of this hour and that presented eighty-two years before was the change in the spirit and purpose of the people. The advance of national prosperity had not been more marked than the inversion of principle and the degradation of sentiment had been surprising. A desperate struggle for Independence was *then* inaugurated in fire and blood. The statue of a celebrated patriot was *now* to be inaugurated with pomp and servility. The actors in that seventeenth of June, on Bunker Hill, were ready to suffer martyrdom rather than to submit to an arbitrary tax. The actors in this seventeenth of June, on Bunker Hill, were willing to fawn, and creep softly, and omit the most vital part of their quotations so as not to use the word "slaves," and suppress both the golden rule and the principles of the Declaration of Independence, rather than disturb, in the least, the pampered sensibilities of the lords of Slavedom. Upon the righteous cause of the fathers God had smiled, and when it was crowned with success, they had solemnly declared that their dearest purpose was to establish a government under which all men should be free and equal. But since that time the Southern institution of negro bondage had become so rooted, extensive and profitable, had nourished in its aristocracy such an overweening conceit and haughtiness, had so pervadingly got possession of the general government and patronage, had diffused such an inhuman contempt for the African race, had generated such a habit of truckling and concession in the submissive and half-demoralized Northern States, that the ruling majority of the people—the spurious Democracy, the Roman Catholic Irish, and the fanatical Slaveholders—a three-fold cord not easily broken—had declared that the Constitution shields slavery wherever it reaches, and that the star-spangled banner carries slavery wherever it goes!

But Massachusetts had remained comparatively true to the pure vows of that earlier time. And now, amid the honours to be paid to the first great martyr of the Revolution, surely was a fitting opportunity for her eloquent sons to proclaim afresh her allegiance, and to swear for her an ever-growing devotion, to the cause of universal Liberty. Would it not be done? Would not heroic voices be lifted up, and the spirit of the apotheosised patriot rise to prompt the words? Alas, that the ancient tale must ever be acted over; that those who garnish the tombs of the dead prophets will, while doing it, desecrate the cause for which they laid down their lives, and turn and stone their living descendants!

There were especial reasons for an uncompromising utterance of the mind of Massachusetts, on Bunker Hill, that day. The brave and scholarly senator, who had served her in the national councils with such signal fidelity, taken by surprise by a debauched and drunken coward abetted by armed and confederate bullies, had been bludgeoned nearly to death on the floor of the Capitol. This brutal atrocity the whole South had enthusiastically endorsed, scarcely an individual daring so much as to peep or mutter against it, while the thunders of applause rolled in unbroken succession from the Blue Ridge to Texas. At this very hour he was uncertainly seeking, in a foreign land, recovery from those fearful wounds. But during such a ceremony as this his heart was sure to be on Bunker Hill; and it was natural that he should wish to be kindly remembered by his friends and constituents. He had a right to expect so much. Would any other State in the Union, under such circumstances, have utterly forgotten, or purposely omitted throughout the whole day, the slightest recognition of the existence of such a son, nearly murdered for his noble efforts in her service? The scene lay within sight of his native city, and represented the entire Commonwealth, whose chosen senator and beloved child he was. His associates in her Congressional delegation were present, as also were other friends of his, members of Congress from free States. Not one of them was allowed to speak a word. But an arrogant slaveholder, odiously identified with the Fugitive Slave bill, a studious insulter of Massachusetts, a bitter enemy of Mr. Sumner, an obtrusive and disgusting approver of Brooks's fiendish outrage, instead of being treated as his peers were, was singled out for particular compliment. He spoke—the imperiousness of the slaveholder's dictation visible in each haughty gesture, the swing and cut of the slaveholder's lash audible in each domineering tone. But no man known as an earnest friend of the slave spoke there. Not one timely hearty word in behalf of true Freedom was uttered that day. Mr. Mason was the only person who so much as recognised the existence of American slavery. I should have thought that, when they unveiled the cold effigy of Warren, the stony lips would have parted and a supernatural utterance have carried, through terror-stricken souls, the old strain with which he thrilled the Boston of 1775: "The voice of your fathers' blood cries to you from the ground, 'My sons, scorn to be slaves!'"

In the opinion of a large portion of the people of Massachusetts, that glorious opportunity, on Bunker Hill, was not merely wasted, but profaned, and parts of the service were an unpardonable insult to every true son of the State. A generous indignation was widely kindled by sympathy with the slave, by loyalty to moral principle, and by a loathing for heartless reereancy. In many quarters expression was given to merited rebukes, which awoke a deep response in the bosoms of thousands in spite of the deprecating ebullitions of meanness and hate that followed. This is one of the encouraging signs of the times, indicative of the progress made: for, twenty years ago, the sequel would have been different. It is vain now, anywhere in the free States, to attempt to cry down, or slander down, or stigmatize, an upright man, for earnestly expressing his love of impartial Freedom, and his measureless disgust for those politicians who scoff at the laws of God by deifying the reckless policy of a party of tyrants; whose exultation over their own selfish Liberty seems to derive a new relish when they feel their feet on the necks of their bondsmen, and catch a glimpse, in Southern vistas, of the American flag flapping above auction blocks loaded with sable families, and surrounded with whips and chains! It is too late among us for that now. And in closing another year of anti-slavery struggle, even this humble word about Bunker Hill in 1775, and Bunker Hill in 1857, may serve as a fresh blow, from the providential tongue of truth, against the side of that "Liberty Bell" which shall yet, some day, sound for the emancipation of the last slave on the Continent.

LITTLE BELL.

A CHILDREN'S RHYME.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
—*The Ancient Mariner.*

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks—
Tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks—
"Bonny bird!" quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the Blackbird piped—you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird—
Full of quibs and wiles.
Now so round and rich, now so soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow,
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade
Peeped the Squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree,
Swung and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear—
While bold Blackbird piped that all might hear—
"Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern—
"Squirrel, Squirrel! to your task return—
Bring me nuts!" quoth she.
Now away! the frisky Squirrel hies—
Golden wood-lights gleaming in his eyes—
And down the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by a July sun,
In the little lap drop one by one—
Hark! how Blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell!" quoth he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade—
"Squirrel, Squirrel from the nut-tree shade,
Come and share with me!"
Down came Squirrel, eager for his fare—
Down came bonny Blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share—
Ah! the merry three!

And while the frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow,
And shining out in happy overflow,
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray;
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused awhile to hear.

"What